THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

George R. Graham & Co. Publishers.
S. W. CORNER OF THIRD AND CHESNUT STREETS.

Terms. Two Dollars Per Annum, Cash.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE

A Family Newspaper: Neutral in Politics: Devoted to News, Literature, Science, Morality, Agriculture, and Amusement.

VOLUME XXII. PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 11, 1841. WHOLE NO. 1063.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Song of the Little Bird.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

Night's gloom had vanished, and the east
Was purpling with the dawn of day,
When from his slumbers light, released
A holy monk arose to pray.—
He left his cell and went to seek
The convent-garden's solitude—
Where many a bud, upon whose cheek
The dew-drop tears shone soft and meek,
Seemed with his penitence imbued,—
And there his orisons went up
With incense from the lily's cup.
While thus he breathed his fervent prayer,
Forth on the morning's balmy air—
A little bird alighted near,
And sang a song so sweet and clear—
The holy man rose from his knees,
To listen to its melodies.
Strange magic charms were in that lay—
All earthly music far above—
And when the bird had flown away
And rested in a distant grove,
The Brother turned and followed too
In hopes the strain it would renew;
He came and found the bird had gone,
But clearly heard the distant lay
And followed yet enchanted, on
Till from the convent far away.
Thro' radiant vale, o'er flowery hill
The holy Brother followed still,—
At last the sun's declining rays
That on the green grass redly played,
Reminded him how far away
He from his convent home had strayed.
And when to seek it he returned,
The memory of that witching lay
Yet in his inmost spirit burned,
And chased him in his weary way—
Until at last before his eyes
He saw the convent-walls arise.
But now, all strangely altered seemed—
He gazed confused and wildly round;
He felt like one who darkly dreamed
Or stood upon enchanted ground.
The very flowers that blossomed there—
The garden where he knelt to pray—
An altered look now seemed to wear,
O'er all was stealing dim decay.
While thus on all around he gazed
With looks bewildered and amazed,
He saw a monk—a stranger, near
And sought of him the cause to hear—
"Brother, what do the changes mean
Since morn our convent thus has seen?"
"What meanest thou, Brother, by a change—
Is not our convent still the same?
Thy looks are worn, thy questions strange,
Whence dost thou come, and what thy name?
Although our habit's worn by thee,
A stranger yet thou seem'st to be."
The holy man soon told his tale—
How listening to the bird's sweet lay
He followed over hill and dale—
From morning till the close of day.
While yet he spoke, the monk amazed,
With earnest eyes upon him gazed,
And told him how long years before
A monk had from the convent gone,
Whose fate as he returned no more
By all had yet remained unknown.
But suddenly while yet he spoke
A glorious radiance from on high
Across the Brother's forehead broke,
While lustrous grew his gentle eye.
"Behold my Brother, that sweet bird
Whose song my soul so strangely stirred—
Hath been an angel. God hath sent,
To cheer my earthly banishment;
Which thus I followed many a day—
Which seemed indeed to be but one—
Till life hath sweetly worn away,
And now my earthly course is run.
The God of love be ever blest
Who thus hath called me to his rest
Death's shadow's, Brother, round me roll,
Receive my now departing soul."
Then kneeling down with stooping head
The dying monk his sins confessed,
A heavenly smile his face o'erspread,
And thus he entered into rest.

Frankfort, Pa. S. L. L.

Original Tales.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Valley of She Sheen.

A Story in Eight Letters.

BY LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

LETTER 1ST. TENNESSEE, 1837.

I know that my dear Sarah's little heart is aching, long before this 7th of May, with the uncertainty of her truant brother's fate. I therefore hasten to give you the earliest relief. Tell my stern old father that when the untoward affair which caused my cruel expulsion from college, and drew upon my head his unmerited wrath, shall be unravelled by the sometimes slow but ever sure fingers of truth, and my honor made clear as the noon day, then I will return and crave his blessing, and not till then.

Say to mother that though she is apparently only the mirror of her husband's face, and the echo of his sentiments, still I will believe that her heart cherishes a belief of my innocence, for which I fervently bless her.

You, dear Sis, with an independence of mind and generosity of spirit far above the world and its grovelling opinions, have never boldly espoused my cause. May God reward you, for I cannot even thank you.

I am many, many miles from you, in the very suburb of civilization, even among the sublime and picturesque ranges of the Cumberland Mountains. I find boundless delight in rambling among the wild and dark forests and valleys, and surveying from the summits of the hills the magnificent scenery where Nature sports in inviolate sanctity and loveliness. I can amuse myself until winter very cheerily, but how a man of sensibility can sit down here for life, dooming an amiable woman and young family to such utter seclusion from all society, refinement, and every privilege of civilized community is beyond my conception. And yet my host, for I am domesticated, is a man of fine feelings and general knowledge, and his wife a lady in every sense of the word. Yet they seem contented and happy, and their children are well educated, and setting aside the mere polish and trappings of fashion are every way companionable for the most refined society. Never was there a more beautiful situation than Mr. Webb has chosen for his residence. It is a fine swell on the bosom of a mountain, commanding an extensive prospect to the east, south, and west, of soft valleys where the bright waters sleep in bowers of rich blossoms and fruitful vines, as if charmed to repose by the ceaseless carols of the birds that build in the sweet seclusion. Then the bright hills, clothed with every variety of shrub and tree, lie in variegated relief to the stern and lofty mountains, with their sheer precipices, hemlock feathered ravines, and pine plumed summits; altars which Nature has reared to Liberty, and on which her mighty bird lays his bleeding victims.

If you, dear sister, could be transported from the paved noisy street with its impervious walls of monotonous buildings, to the spot which I now occupy, your very soul would go forth in wonder and admiration.

I must conclude, for yonder comes Louis with a summons to dinner. He is a beautiful boy of fifteen, Mr. Webb's only son. But his sister Louisa now nearly seventeen, is the most lovely and elegant creature on earth, and pure minded and sweet tempered as the angels in Heaven. Oh! if you could hear her sing, and see her smile. Farewell—

G. MELVILLE.

LETTER 2D. TENN. JUNE 18TH, 1837.

And so my fine fair sister! you would really interpose your hand between my [illegible] heart, and the pure balm of affection. I wonder at your jealousy more than at my father's pride. Tell him, however, that since his anger combined with other insufferable scourges drove me to the wilds; I hold myself absolved from his authority as I am an outcast from society, and free to marry a beautiful squaw and join the Cherokees whose council fires I have seen glimmering in the distance. But never fear for Louisa, she was affianced before I saw her to a son of her own native mountains, a far handsomer man than the brother of whom you are so proud. Robert M. Call is a noble fellow, although he can barely read his bible, and write his name. Mrs. Webb chanced to say the other day that she regretted to give her daughter to an uneducated man, when Mr. Webb replied fie Isabel! Robert is a true man; pure gold, which if it does lack the impress of a federal coin, is also without the alloy of current money. And in my intercourse with Robert I feel the simile a just one. I shall go out with him to-morrow on a hunting excursion among the mountains where I may possibly meet with a romantic adventure, or a pretty young squaw.

Tell mother that I do long to hear her kind voice again; and believe me when I assure you, that I have never seen a young creature half so dear to my affections as my own sweet sister Sarah.

G. MELVILLE.

LETTER 3D. TENN. MAY 3D, 1837.

Now, sis, if you have not two hours leisure, close this letter and lay it by until you have, for I shall now make ample amends for the silence of which you complain so bitterly, and also tell you a marvellous tale, in solving the mysteries of which you may employ all your ingenuity. I, however, assure you, that what I am going to relate is literally and entirely true.

Robert and I took our departure on the day appointed, and arrived at Mr. Webb's again on last Friday, having been out six weeks, during which time we traversed mountains, plains, and valleys. Oh! that I had time and space for description; but then I would not attempt it, for no language could paint worthily the sublimity and loveliness that filled my soul to overflowing. After encamping and passing several days at various picturesque points, we moved our camp, and came upon a wild and rocky height, strange and magnificent in feature and production. It seemed a mass of enormous rocks thrown together without design or cement, where white, blue, grey and red marble lay piled with lime stones of every variety, and every crevice gave resting place to beautiful blossoms, and the richest vines. The bare rocks wore garlands of laurel and green ivy; and here and there in the highest peaks a giant pine waved its dark plumes to the winds that came to its bosom as to a green resting place in the desert space. The day was uncommonly still, yet here lived a constant sound as of the distant ocean, when the winds among the billows are fitful and strong. This, remarked Robert is an august place. The Indians call it the Spirit Mountain, and tell strange tales concerning it, and the wonders that have been witnessed upon it. If you are not afraid we will encamp here and remain some days, perhaps something marvellous may happen to interest us. Oh with all my heart I answered, let us seek a good situation for our tent. Suddenly we came to a dizzy precipice apparently several hundred feet perpendicular; and beneath it lay an enchanting if not an enchanted valley. It might contain an area of five acres, surrounded by abrupt rocky steeps on every side except the west where it narrowed to a deep craggy ravine, between two sheer horrid looking walls of mountain rocks. A large lucid pond lay in the eastern part of the valley, and its outlet passed off through the ravine. This valley, said Robert at length, must be the ancient bed of some mountain lake, which escaped when some earthquake or other great convulsion of nature rent the mountain yonder, and now I know, the moaning of the mountain is occasioned by waters rushing and tumbling in rills among the caverns, and hollow rocks. I assented to his philosophy, while my spirit was wrapped in the flood of awful beauty that surrounded me. Description is utterly incapable of drawing a feint semblance of the magnificent scene. It is the valley of She Sheen said Robert, I have heard Sanee an Indian warrior, who is now with his people in the Spirit Land say that there is among these heights a beautiful valley like the valleys of the blessed hunting grounds, where the winds and the frosts never come, where the flowers are not of earth, and the fruits are melting and delicious, and where She Sheen with her white fawn dwells in immortal beauty. And who is, or was She Sheen? I asked abstractedly.

Sanee has told us, he replied, that she was the most beautiful and pure of earthly creatures, and that she loved a noble young warrior to whom she plighted her maiden vows. But a powerful chief of another tribe saw her, and by valuable presents, and treaties of eternal amity persuaded her stern father to give her to him. She fled followed by her pet fawn to the Spirit Mountain, hoping that her heart's love would trace her thither. On the third day she saw a majestic warrior approaching. She stood on a mighty cliff, above a valley or mountain gorge, hideous and barren. He advanced, and her heart bounded with delight; for he wore the robe that she had embroidered for her lover. He came near. It was her persecutor. Her lover's scalp was displayed upon his spear, and he wore the robe that had been her gift. She uttered a cry that still lives among the rocky battlements, and sprang like a wounded doe from the sheer rock. Her fawn bounded after her and Ottawah looking down, saw them lying a mangled mass in that horrid gloom. He fled away a fearful maniac. But there grew up to wrap the innocent victim a mass of the most beautiful verdure, and from her broken heart gushed a living spring pure as her virgin spirit. The valley soon became a garden of delight, and She Sheen robed in silvery white, and attended by her snowy fawn dwells forever in its bloomy bowers. And she is safe there, for certain destruction awaits the adventurous hunter who dares attempt to invade her paradise.

'T is a strange legend, I muttered. It is so he replied. And now that I have found the valley, I half believe the tale. See! the trees and flowers are such as I never looked on till now. Peering down upon them from the dizzy heights they did indeed seem surpassingly beautiful; and I fancied that I could distinguish the myrtle and the orange as well as the peach, while grape vines hung in heavy festoons from shining green branches. While for at least sixty feet upward the rocks and clefts were clothed with luxuriant vines, flowering creepers, and berry laden shrubs. And then along the margin of the stream, and on the border of the still lake grew tufts of blossoms, large and brilliant beyond any thing I had ever seen. The light seemed concentrated in that narrow valley, and the objects appeared as we looked down, vivid and magnified as if seen through limpid water. I was roused from a deep reverie by a glad shout from Robert. I have found water here he cried. We will encamp. I went to him, there was a bright spring gushing up in a marble basin, and running over its side formed a rivulet down a deep ravine. Beside it grew a thicket of wild roses; and above them a strong old hemlock, in the dark shadow of which we built our hunter's tent. We sat in our green bower smoking, (you see I have learned to smoke) when the sun went down among the picturesque heights; I then turned to the valley. Oh! that I could paint its appearance. It seemed a well filled with a glorious soft crimson fluid, of such a tint as we sometimes see upon a hazy cloud, only it was transparent as ether. As I gazed, a dusky shadow seemed to rise up from the bottom and gradually deepen in the valley, until it seemed a dark lake mirroring the glory of Heaven. Then the shadow of the mountain projected from the westward black as darkness over the abyss, and beyond in a line corresponding with the curve of the height that threw the shade, glowed the rich hues of the summer rainbow. It was enchantment all. The moon came forth now in her pure radiance, and threw a flood of trembling beauty over all. My wrapped senses were suddenly startled by a loud shrill cry. 'T is a deer said Robert, replying to my glance of surprised inquiry. The sound was repeated, and now we saw on a cliff beyond the ravine in the light of the cloudless moon a deer white as a snow drift. He was so near that we could see his aim with his sure rifle. Suddenly the sharp report leaped forth, and awoke ten thousand echoes. The deer sprang into the ravine, and presently there arose a piercing cry, followed by wild weeping. Oh Robert! I cried, it was She Sheen's white deer. Do you not hear her weeping? He stood leaning on his gun, and his face was pale as death. I would give worlds that I had not done it, he said with a wild accent, and we sat down and listened to the weeper. The sobs came painfully on the ear, mingled with incoherent words, until at length they seemed to come from the rocks on the opposite side of the valley. We did not look for the deer that night, but crept to our cabin; and when at length I slept, my dreams were of enchantments and magic spells. Robert awoke me with a call to breakfast. Daylight had dissipated his terrors, and after we had dispatched our rude meal, come, he cried, we must go and look for our venison. We scrambled through the ravine, and climbed the cliff on which the deer stood. There was no spot of blood, no hair, no trace of a deer to be seen. The weeds and shrubs of the steep bank were neither broken or disordered; we let ourselves down by the bushes to the bottom, and broke through the tangled laurel till the gully terminated at a steep wall of marble. We could discover no foot print, no sign that any living thing had been there. At midday weary and bewildered we returned to our lodge. This is a mysterious affair, said Robert thoughtfully, interrupting a long silence, a mysterious affair.

It is so, I replied, and we both resumed our musings. He lay down to rest, and I went out upon the rocks that overlooked the valley. You will readily understand that I could look down upon the whole scene, so narrow was the glen, and so high and steep the surrounding walls of rock. I dwelt leisurely upon its various beauties, of verdure, stream, and grove. The lake was still and clear, except that there lay a white cloud or vapor upon its centre. As I looked, there gradually came upon that cloud beautiful colors, until it was bordered by a semicircular glory of rainbow hues, the white mist rising like a pyramid in its centre. Gradually it faded away, or rather seemed to condense itself, until there lay in its place a white canoe, in which stood a female form in white robes, over which streamed her long black hair in apparently beautiful ringlets. She seemed so near me as I gazed that I almost fancied that the lake had risen up, or that the canoe was suspended in mid air. For some moments it lay gently rocking on the water, and then shot quickly to the shore where it utterly vanished. I said shore, but at that place the lake washed the base of a mountain rock apparently smooth, and certainly inaccessible.

I confess that now my philosophy staggered, and I half admitted that I had seen the beautiful spirit of She Sheen. But when I told Robert, he ridiculed my romance, and maintained that I had only seen a mist upon the lake. I was confident, however, that it possessed a well defined human shape, and that I had seen its movements in propelling the canoe. The afternoon wore away, and again I watched the crimson twilight of the valley till it deepened into shade. And now there came into our ears sounds of ravishing melody, we could not tell from whence. At first they seemed to rise from the valley, then they flowed from various points of the surrounding heights, and then hovered above us. They seemed to dwell in our spirits, to mingle with our very souls. It was living melody, it had no location, it was abroad on the night. At length it sank down into the valley, and its fitful tremulous gushes died away. We must explore the valley, remarked Robert, as we strolled back to our resting place, for I find that your heart is in it; and you may as well die here as return with a void in your bosom, and mystery where your brain should be. I started, for strange as it may appear to you, I had never dreamed that we could explore the valley. We, however, made an attempt, and clambered through ravines and valleys in vain, we could find no practicable way of descending. Every gully through the bed of a rivulet, and green with shrubs, terminated at a precipice, or narrowed to a crevice. We traversed the gorge whence the valley stream escaped with no better success, for the rent rocks remained perpendicular on both sides, until at length they met, and the water flowed in a subterranean channel. We made the circuit of the valley, and at sunset found ourselves at our home.

There was one spot where the descent was by three precipices, each based by a broad shelf, and the remainder of the distance, judging by the shrubbery, was earth, down which we could scramble. We resolved to try this hazardous way, trusting to our ingenuity for a means of egress. Well, with the aid of poles, withes, and a rope which we brought with us, we got to the margin of the lake, and the first thing we saw was the fairy canoe laid up on a strand, behind a point of the rock which hid it from our place of observation. But the valley, oh! it was fairer and brighter than even my enchanted fancy had pictured it. And now sister good night. You may dream of the Valley of She Sheen, while my visions shall be of its bright spirit.

G. MELVILLE.

LETTER 4TH. TENN. MAY 28TH, 1837.

DEAR SIS:—Without compliment or inquiry then I resume my story; but I declare that your outrageous spirit of ludicrous conjecture ought to suffer yet awhile under the lash of curiosity. "A mighty Amazon of the copper hue!" You will repent that, my lady, if there is power in loveliness. But I must finish my narration. We searched every part of the valley in vain, there was no foot-print, no trace of human habitation, and the clear cold lake seemed fathomless. We sat beside it under a cluster of orange trees, and watched the approach of night. Oh! how inimitably beautiful was the delicate purple veil that hung waving about the eastern mountain tops, and streaming over that little secluded world, till as the darkness stilled around us, a rainbow crowned the western height, and hung over us until the shadows grew up and wrapped it up in their bosom. I had deemed that the night in that spot must be blackness, yet all lay in a mellow obscurity, and as night advanced, the glory of the high heavens was inconceivable. The stars appeared much larger than I ever saw them before, and the moon shone with an indescribable splendor. Morning came with a gush of delicious harmony. It seemed to rise from the lake low and sweet, then increasing it filled the valley, while rock answered to rock, redoubling every lofty note, and repeating every dying cadence with an hundred mellow voices. I sat awhile without the power to move, but rising at length, I crept from my bower and gazed around. There she stood! The entrancing songstress, under a vine encumbered myrtle, her white robes fluttering to the wind, and her dark curls lying lovingly on her shoulders and bosom. I could not distinguish her features, but I felt that she was fair as the morning lily. She saw us, and stooping caught up a slender bow, and aimed an arrow at my breast. I fell on my knees, and extended my hands imploringly. She gazed a moment, dropped her bow, and vanished. Presently she re-appeared, clinging to the arm of old Indian Sanee. "By heaven!" cried Robert. "Now I believe we are in the land of spirits." The old man beckoned us toward him. "Shall we go?" asked Robert, but I was already half-way, so eager was I to approach the spirit of beauty. When near I knelt at her feet. She raised her eyes to her companion. Oh how beautiful she appeared with her dark glad eyes, rich complexion, and faultless form! Her companion greeted us in broken English. "Come into my dwelling," he said, "I have much to say, and I am old and feeble." "Ah! we thought you were long ago with your people," said Robert. "Yes," he replied, "I caused it to be so reported, because I would die in peace."

We approached the stern rock where it was clothed with flowering creepers, and its base clustered with thick shrubs. Stooping beneath the lindens, the white robed fairy led the way to a low arch which proved the entrance to a cavern. The walls and floor were of variegated marble, it was well lighted from several crevices, and comfortably dry. Its furniture consisted of fine mats, beautiful furs, and various articles of basket work, many of them extremely delicate and beautiful. Sanee bade us be seated, and my angel withdrew behind a curtain of skins. The old man placed before us a basket of dried fruits and then said, "The Great Spirit God has sent you unto me at this time. Listen." He then told his tale at length. I will repeat it as well as I am able. He was a Chief of the Cherokees. In his boyhood his heart grew to a white child, which some of his tribe had stolen from her people. Her smile was his sun, and her voice the breath of his life. But once when he was absent from his tribe a company of traders bought her, and took her away. He strove to bear her loss like a son of the braves, but the sun, and the wind, and the soft dew came in vain to his spirit, it languished constantly. He had no longer an eye for the deer or a foot for the chase, and his hand was powerless upon the bow-string. He fled from his people and his native forests, he sought the town of the whites, he learned their language and their arts, and sought his white dove through the whole wide land, till his heart grew faint, and his cheek was bleached with tears. At length he found her. She was mistress of a white man's mansion, and a fair child called her mother. He fled to the broad river that brought wealth to the town, and thought to mingle his spirit with its moaning waters. But some power stayed him, and whispered that the white dove was his own; that her cheek was pale with pining for the forest where the voice of the Great Spirit dwelt in living melody. And when did ever a dove prefer a stranger to the mate that was hovered in the nest with her? He haunted her footsteps. One evening she walked beside the river and he saw her weep. He sprang forward and knelt at her feet; she reeled like a death struck doe, he caught her to his bosom, could he relinquish her? Oh, no! He bore her away, escaping observation, with the wiles of his race, until he reached his own territory. He thought of the Valley of She Sheen with its traditions of mystery; he knew that it would be a place of security. He bore his precious burden through pathless wilds, and laid her down safely beside that still lake. He then sought out the cave his present habitation, and when he had made her comfortable he went to his tribe and brought his sister to attend her. She was happy, only she thought of her sweet boy whose face she should see no more. She had been about four moons in the valley when she clasped a second child to her bosom, even the fair girl whose beauty we had looked upon. He rejoiced over her as if she had been his own, and She Sheen was the name he gave her. He often went out amongst the whites, and purchased every article of comfort for his family, but before She Sheen was seven years old her mother grew weary and passed away to Heaven. His sister then attended the child, and taught her whatever she had learned of its mother. Two years ago she died also. Since then he had never left the Valley, for his heart was very sore. He had grown very feeble, and of late he had suffered much at the thought of leaving She Sheen alone, for he felt the spirit in his bosom fluttering to depart, like a strong eagle from a shattered cage. He had thought of sending her to his tribe, but she was too tender to dwell in the forest, too gentle to follow the braves to battle, or dress the skins of the slain buffaloe. Of late he had longed to return her to her own people. He besought us to take charge of her, and I joyfully accepted the trust. "But," he said, "she must be free, you must never force her will. Teach her, guide her, but coerce her never."

I promised religiously, and now he said, "She Sheen, come hither." The timid creature came from her hiding place, her face was wet, and the tears dripped from her eye lashes. She knelt beside Sanee, and hid her face in his mantle. He drew a miniature from his bosom where it hung by a golden chain. "Here girl," he said, "this is your mother's shadow; she bade me treasure it for you." He clasped the chain over her neck, murmuring, "I have a fairer, richer, aye, a living picture in my heart. Preserve it carefully, She Sheen: your mother said it was of the greatest importance to you. And now my friend," he said, "I have but a little longer to play squaw. I shall soon go to the blessed hunting grounds, that good land in which my white dove said she would await my coming. She Sheen will remain with me till I fall asleep, and then you will lay me beside my buried ones and take her to your home. Go, my young fawn," he said, "and show your brothers the way to the mountain."

She crossed the dell before us, and entered a cleft of the rocks, which opened into a subterranean gallery, which continued to ascend with various abrupt turnings, and steep or gentle acclivities, until we emerged suddenly into a grassy ravine. And there to our utter astonishment lay the white deer dead. It had stood on a rock beyond that on which we thought it was standing. It was covered partially with sweet flowers, and She Sheen fell on her knees beside it and motioning to us to go on, her sobs awoke mournfully the echoes of that strange place. "She is a beautiful spirit," said Robert, "but I could never think of her as a woman." Good night. Love to Mother.

G. MELVILLE.

LETTER 5TH. TENN., SEPT. 16, 1837.

Very well! This is rare news, and good. Oh, I am a happy fellow. So Johnston has confessed all, and made his vindication of my honor as public as was my disgrace. And my haughty father begs me to forgive his hasty anger, and unjust reproaches, and mother longs to hear my glad voice on the winds that now sigh so plaintively amongst the old shade trees, and sister Sarah is all impatience to see the spiritual She Sheen. Well you shall all be speedily gratified. Sanee sleeps under the myrtle with his sister and his love, She Sheen is already beginning to forget her loss, she is a mere child. I have been wondering whether love could find a resting place in her pure spirit. I think not. You may look for us in about three weeks. Oh! how happy I shall be to sit down amongst you once more with She Sheen. You must prepare a place for her in your heart. Farewell.

G. MELVILLE.

LETTER 6TH.

BRISTOL, ENGLAND, MARCH 6, 1838.

Well, Sarah, here I am in old England, surrounded by magnificence and beauty, and yet I am an exile sad and alone. We had a prosperous voyage, and arrived all safe. I find my uncle a stiff old aristocrat, and no title is so hateful to his ears as American patriot. He says he never will forgive my father for assisting the rebels in depriving good King George of his wide rich colonies. And would never have made me his heir but that he had no other blood relation. He, however, requires me to swear never to bear arms against England. I will humor him, for I hope there will be "peace and truth in my day," and if there should be a war I would fight in self-defence. I shall be detained some time as there are various legal forms to be gone through with before the property can be decided, &c., &c. I am grateful that you dwell so minutely on the progress of my lovely ward. What a mind she must possess to master so rapidly every science that is laid before her. You say she is perfect on her musical instruments. Oh! how I long to hear her sweet voice once more. I have the precious miniature which you have searched for with such anxiety. I took it from her neck as she slept on a sofa, and forgot to return it in the bustle of my sudden departure. I will keep it safely. I love it, 'tis so like her. Watch over her, Sarah, do not take her much into company, she is too artless and innocent to mingle with the world. You must not educate her spirituality all away. I cannot bear to think of finding the white fawn changed to a fashionable belle, and her beautiful heart hidden under a tissue of polite formalities. Let me find her improved, not changed.

G. MELVILLE.

LETTER 7TH. BRISTOL, JUNE 10, 1838.

Sister! sister! can it be possible! Is the garland of love soil'd and withered at my feet? Has she, the passionless, the spiritual, whose purity I feared to contaminate by a whisper of human love, has she listened to its pleading from another? and has the seal'd fountain of her affections poured its rich stream for him. Oh, madness! She has said ask my *guardian* if I may give my hand to Charles Bernard. These words are live fire within my spirit. My heart is utterly crushed. All the romance, its affections, all its high and pure day dreams are thrown [illegible] back upon it. It has now only to writhe and break. If she loves Bernard I will not place an obstacle in the way of her happiness. I shall never recross the Atlantic.

G. MELVILLE.

LETTER 8TH. BRISTOL, AUG. 19, 1838.

Dear, dear Sarah.—This is indeed a blissful waking from a hideous dream. Who would have thought there was so much of the woman in her! She did it to prove my heart! well she has touched its centre, and seen the depth of love that lives there. But I have suffered fearfully. Yet I forgive her, for I have made some important discoveries. I have found that she is a very woman, all my romantic dreams notwithstanding; and I have discovered *who* she is. In the agony of my despair I was rambling on the sea coast, and drawing her mother's miniature from my bosom, I gazed on it awhile and dashed it on the rocks. Immediately repenting the mad act I ran to it, hoping with the instability of passion that it was not broken. It had opened by its collision with the rocks, and in it was a ring, on the inner surface of which is engraved, "C. Bernard to M. Ellet, Wedding Ring." On the lining of the case is written in a red stain, "Matilda Bernard, born Nov. 19th, 1811." My soul reeled with tumultuous emotions as I read. It is certain that she is Charles Bernard's sister, for I have heard him say that his mother was unfortunately drowned, having been seen walking on the bank of the river at night-fall, and some of the neighbors, when she was missed, deposed that they had heard wild shrieks from that direction just at dark; and they were forced to adopt the painful conclusion that she had fallen from the bank and perished. Mr. Bernard never recovered the shock, but sunk into a decline of which he died several years ago. In my delirium at this discovery I trembled lest the marriage should be consummated before a letter could reach you. I wrote and hastened to the post-office, where I found your life imparting packet. Blessed be the Lord for all his dealings with me! We might never have discovered She Sheen's parentage, but for the agony that drove me almost mad. Sister, I was sorely tempted then. Aye, I was on the point of self-immolation. If I had hastily thrown away life how much should I have lost. And yet I felt that life was utterly overcast, and worthless. Now all is joyful hope. I shall be at home about Christmas if heaven prosper me. My uncle has settled his great estates upon me, and *my heirs*. Enclosed is a letter to Miss Matilda Bernard, whom I can now address as a beloved woman, since she is no longer the spirit She Sheen. But she is none the less dear.

Bid father and mother prepare a glorious Christmas feast to welcome the return of their fortunate and happy son.

G. MELVILLE.

The Forget-Me-Not.

"A something light as air—a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken—
The love that tempests never shook
A breath—a touch like this has shaken."

"Will you buy my flowers?" said a neat looking little girl, addressing herself to a young lady in Chesnut street, and holding out at the same time a small basket containing some beautiful roses; "they are newly blown and fresh; buy a red rose for your hair, Miss; here's one that will look beautiful twined among those pretty locks."

"Not a rose, my child," said the young lady, "there are thorns among them, but I'll take this little flower, it looks so lively and sweet. O, it's a forget-me-not!"

"Pardon me, Miss, replied the child, "that flower is engaged."

"To whom?"

"To Mr. Charles Leland."

"Charles Leland! indeed," said the lady, "Well, but here's another—what a beautiful pair!"

"They are two flowers—they are both for that gentleman," said the little girl.

"Oh, a fig for him," said the young lady, but an arch smile played upon her cheek as she said it, and something sparkled in her beautiful dark eye that told a tale her lips refused to utter; while she ingeniously marked both the flowers, and returned them to the basket; then choosing a little bunch of roses, she walked home, leaving the flower girl to visit the rest of her customers.

Love is impatient; and Harriet counted the tedious minutes as she sat at her window and listened for the well known rap.

The clock struck nine, and yet Leland did not appear. She thought he had been neglectful of late; but then the flowers—he knew they were favorites of her's, and she thought to receive them from his hand, and to hear him say, "Harriet, forget-me-not," would be a sweet atonement for many little offences past. But once the thought stole to her bosom, perhaps they are destined for another! She banished it with a sigh, and it had hardly escaped her ere Charles Leland entered. She rose to receive him, and he gently took her hand; "accept," said he, "my humble offering, and forget-me——"

Harriet interrupted him as he attempted to place a single flower in her bosom, "where's the other?" said she, as she playfully put back his hand.

A moment's silence ensued. Charles appeared embarrassed, and Harriet recollecting herself, blushed deeply and turned it off; but the flower was not offered again, and Charles had only said "forget-me——!"

This could not be all he intended to say, but mutual reserve rendered the remainder of the evening cold, formal and insipid; and when Leland took his leave, Harriet felt more than ever dissatisfied. As it was not late in the evening, she resolved to dissipate the melancholy that this little interview, in spite of all her efforts to laugh at it, left on her mind, by spending a few minutes at a neighbors, whose three daughters were her most intimate companions.

The youngest of these ladies was a gay and interesting girl; and was the first to meet and welcome her young friend, but as she held out her hand, Harriet discovered a little flower in it; it was a forget-me-not. She examined it—it was one of Leland's, the mark she had made upon it, when she took it from the basket of the flower girl, was there. This was, at the moment, an unfortunate discovery. She had heard that Charles frequently visited this family, and that he had paid attention to Jane; but she had never before believed it; and now she shuddered at the idea of admitting that for the truth which was before rejected as an idle story.

"Where did you get that pretty flower, Jane?" said she.

"Oh, of a beau, to be sure," said Jane, archly; "don't you see, '*forget-me-not*?'" and as she took back the flower, said, "I should not like to tell you where I got it; I'll wear it in my bosom though—come sing:

I'll love this pretty flower
For his own sake who bid me keep it—
I'll wear it in my bosom's——

"Hush, Jane," said Harriet, interrupting her, "my head aches and your singing distracts me."

"Ah, it's your heart," said Jane, "or you would not be so dull."

"Well if it is my heart," said Harriet, as she turned to conceal her tears, "it does not become a friend to trifle with it." She intended to convey a double meaning in this reply, but it was not taken, and as soon as possible she returned home.

A sleepless night followed. Harriet felt that she was injured; and the more she thought about it the more she felt. She had engaged her hand to Leland six months before, the time appointed for their union was approaching fast, and he acted thus! "If he wants to be freed from his engagement," said she to herself, "I will give him no trouble;" and she sat down and wrote a note, requesting him to discontinue his visits. She wept over it a flood of tears, but she was resolute until she had dispatched the note to his residence. Then she repented it, and then again reasoned herself into the belief that she had acted right. She waited for the result; not without many anxiously cherished hopes that he would call for an explanation. But she only learned that the note was delivered into his hands; and [illegible] afterwards he sailed for England.

The feelings of Harriet when the departure of her lover was made certain we will not attempt to describe. Up to the last moment she had indulged a hope, however faint, that Charles would seek an interview with her, and give some explanation of his conduct. But he came not. As hours, and then days elapsed without bringing her lover, Harriet, who at first had refused to see any palliation for Charles, began to imagine a thousand reasons why he might, after all, be less to blame than she at first thought. She might have been too hasty—Charles could never have treated her so—there was some mistake about it—these were the reflections that chased each other through her mind; and had not her pride interfered she would have recalled her lover. But then might she not be right? Ought *she* to seek an explanation after what she had stated in her note? Alas! she knew not what to do. But when she heard that her lover had actually sailed for England, every other feeling gave way to that of grief, and deeply regretting the haste with which she acted, she mourned as one without hope.

Months—seasons—years passed away, and still Charles remained abroad; while Harriet gradually drooped like a pale and sickly flower. Hope had died within her. The springs of life were drying up her soul. The arrow had entered her bosom; she was dying of a broken heart.

Three years had passed away, and her parents had taken her to the Springs, for the purpose, if possible, of restoring her to health, when, one afternoon, as Harriet entered a parlor of the hotel, leaning on the arm of her father, she perceived a group engaged in conversation. As most of the party were acquaintances she moved up towards them. The conversation was quite animated, for the subject was the fickleness of woman, and a lady had just been defending her sex, from the remarks of a gentleman to whom she was speaking, and who sat with his back to Harriet. Just as she and her father entered, her friend ceased, and the gentleman replied,

"Ah! but eloquent as you are Miss Irvine, there is nothing like truth. I can cite a case, for instance, to which, I think, even you will bow. I was once myself engaged, and to one whom I thought the loveliest and noblest of her sex; but, scarcely six months before the time when we were to have been wedded, a whim seized her and she sent me a note requesting me to discontinue my visits. To this day I am ignorant of the cause—it could only have been from sheer fickleness. I was, at the time, too indignant to seek an explanation—perhaps in this I was wrong—but surely the conduct of the lady in my case ought to make one skeptical of the fidelity of your sex."

During these words Harriett had been gradually losing her consciousness, for in the first accent of the speaker she recognized the tones of Leland, and, as he proceeded, her agitation became so great that she sank fainting in her father's arms, as her lover ceased speaking. An exclamation from Miss Irvine instantly attracted every eye towards her, and Leland turning hastily around, recognized the insensible girl with little less agitation than she herself had displayed.

Harriet recovered, but it was to find Leland at her feet, asking for an explanation; for he required no other evidence than her agitation to satisfy him that he was still beloved, and that some unaccountable mistake had been at the bottom of their long separation.

That explanation was now no *very* difficult matter; and, as our readers have already guessed, terminated favorably. Both Harriet and Charles had received a severe lesson, and with hearts chastened by their sorrows they renewed their vows, and were united before they left the Springs. In the holy happiness of their domestic quietude they soon lost the memory of all that was sad in the past, and only remembered it to warn others against being moved by trifles in affairs of the heart.

American Monthlies.

From Graham's Magazine, for December.

The Ideal.

German Literature, and a Love Story.

BY G. G. FOSTER.

CHAPTER I.

I perceive with regret that it has of late become fashionable among the critics and mediocre authors, on both sides of the water, to decry German literature. Having rifled the gems—and bright and precious are they—the casket is now to be kicked aside as useless lumber. Even Blackwood—so long an oracle almost of the literary world—even Kit North himself, than whom a better man or truer poet never existed—has turned cynic and snarler in his old age, and after having marched side by side with Scott, Goethe, Byron, Coleridge, Schiller, Schlegel, and Shelley, through the brightest era of literature that has dawned and blazed upon the world since Johnson, has at last sunk to the level of a literary parvenu, and laughs at German literature! *He* should not have done it! I tell you, Christopher, that the inspiration of a century was concentrated in a few mighty brains, which, within the last century, have returned to dust. For another hundred years to come, human intellect will seldom rise above the mere practical concerns of life—railroads, manufactures, and machinery. Practical science and natural philosophy will progress; but not that sublime and immediate gift of God, the embodying of the Ideal Perfect. The old world is exhausted. Greece, and her mouldering monuments of classic beauty—Rome, and her magnificent mementos of the shadowy past—Spain with her high romance, and Asia with her gorgeous grandeur—who will venture again to explore? Chateaubriand, Byron, De Stael, Moore, Rogers—are not such names barriers to frighten all aspirants? No—not till America—the new world—becomes rich and settles herself down in quiet grandeur—not till her thousand mountains, her mighty lakes, her stupendous cataracts, and her boundless prairies, become invested with the magic of intellectual association—not until history begins to lose itself in dreamy and indistinct fable, to cast a vague interest over every charmed spot—will the bright-winged Ideal rouse from her sleeping nest. She shrinks from every thing practical, palpable, and common-place, as the rainbow loses its hues as it approaches the earth.

Let us then cherish and protect the thoughts and aspirations which these mighty minds have bequeathed us. Never did I think to find WILSON depreciating German literature. He is old, and should almost fear that posterity will retort upon him! A remnant of the old worshippers of the Ideal yet remain, haunting the ploughed fields of modern improvement, like the scattered and timid deer which are sometimes seen bounding along the margin of civilization. Like the White Lady of Avenel, they are year by year fading away—the golden zone which binds their misty drapery is becoming smaller and smaller—the clack of the useful mill, or the clashing of machinery, drowns their voices at their favorite fountains; and they are forced to shut up the beautiful visions which haunt their breasts in the deep sources of emotion which glow and bubble in silence.

The source of our most exquisite happiness is the cause of our keenest sufferings. The constant and feverish search after perfection soon disgusts the seeker. Expecting every thing for which the heart panteth, we rush onward from disappointment to despair. Hope's false mirror is reversed; and pleasure appears as much diminished as it was before enlarged.

He who is blest with an organization in which Ideality holds a conspicuous place, will be sure to form a complete system of metaphysics, graduated upon its impulses. If he be permitted to inhale the odor of the German theology, or of Platonism in its sublime beauty, he will there be satisfied; and will add up his own [illegible] to the more powerful enchantments which the beautiful dead have thrown around him—for Ideality is the least conceited of the feelings. It is only proud of its *capacity to enjoy*.

It was my fortune to be born and educated on the banks of the Hudson, where the noble river makes a long sweep westward, affording now an excellent land- [illegible] warbling of the merry birds, or the occasional halloo of the far-off husbandman, as he urged his reluctant plough through the rich soil. There is now a nail-factory on the very spot where I used to stand, watching the glorious sunrise as its golden light filtered through the trees which crowned the eastern hill, and lit up the joyous brook which danced at my feet—while I *felt* that the broad and whirling river at my back, was leaping and quivering in the gleam. Each tiny grot and harbor which my young imagination erst peopled with denizens from the land of dreams, now resounds to the uncouth "clink of hammers," or the sacrilegious wheezing of a steam-engine! When I last visited my native village—'tis ten years ago—to seek once more the remembered haunts of childhood, I found a railroad depot on the very spot where the church in which I was christened once stood, and a cotton factory on my former bathing-ground by the margin of my dear old lake.

Vexed and disappointed, I flung myself along an old heap of logs which had escaped the demon of improvement, and were still in their old position, crumbling quietly and decently to dust. Here I lay until the sun clambered awkwardly down the western sky, and the shadows of evening came out from their hiding places to meet the bat and the owl, and hold their nightly revels in the moonshine. Gradually I sunk into a new and pleasing state of existence. I had been reading "Undine," a literary gem of so pure and perfect a form and structure, that the only wonder is how it should have been created by the more spontaneous working of the imperfect human brain. It is now ten years since I read it—nor have I presumed to look into a modern "translation," of which I have heard—and yet you shall see how well I remember it.

Undine is the favorite child of a water-goddess, and like all fairies with whom I was ever acquainted, holds her ethereal attributes only at the expense of her natural affections, and becomes mortal at the touch of man. Well—her mother being an exception of a fairy woman, has no small degree of *curiosity* in her composition, and places this darling daughter of hers under the protection of an old anchorite who lived in a beautiful green island, all alone, as he thought; but he was mistaken, as you shall see: for this very island was the most frequent haunt of the fairies, gnomes, salamanders, and other such grave and respectable people—a sort of coffee-house, in fact, where they met nightly to talk over the politics of Elfinland, criticise the Queen's last head-dress, laugh at Puck's latest epigram, toss off their bumper of "mountain dew," and stagger *soberly* to bed under the violet.

And so, in this wild, fragrant solitude—unknown to vulgar eyes and therefore unsoiled and untrampled upon—grew up this flower in all the luxuriant beauty of mortality, softened and spiritualized by her yet immortal nature. And, as the grape is most luscious and tempting the very moment ere it is tainted by the sun's unhallowed kisses, and drops, a disgusting thing, from the green and immortal vine, so she grew ripe with loveliness and so intense in beauty, that, Narcissus like, she fell enamored of her own sweet image, as it was reflected in the pure spring sacred to the innate Ideal which bubbled within her own bosom. The old hermit marked anxiously and tenderly the growth of his young charge; and when, in the evening time—when the rose's bosom swelled and panted beneath the night wind's passionate embrace—she came and kissed his brow and nestled her beautiful curly head in his bosom, the old man was wild with joy, and his heart beat again as it did in youth, like the sleeping tide awakened to convulsions by the gentle moon.

But anon a brave and beautiful knight—whose ancestral castle still frowns above the Rhine, parting reluctantly, like a decaying beauty, one by one, year after year, with its fair proportions—came dashing through the foam to our dainty islet. He had been hunting in the forest; and a terrible storm coming up—no doubt set on foot by the mischievous fairies, who, like all other supernatural beings, are accused of frequently overturning the economy of a whole world to advance some particular whim of their own—he rode wildly through the intricate labyrinths of the woods for some hours to no purpose, and at length gave up the reins to his noble steed, who bore him wherever he would; and, landing on our beautiful island, the knight saw the twinkle of the anchorite's torch, which he had lighted to tell his rosary at the midnight hour. The stranger was kindly welcomed, and the hermit's homely fare cheerfully set before him.

And now, out peeped Undine—the little rogue—from her fairy slumbers, with her night-dress scarce hanging about her beautiful shoulders, and her large eyes dazzling and sinking into shade like the opal. Such visions may have broken upon Guido's dreams, ere yet his hand had been trained by art to grasp the impalpable lightning of his mind, and chain it to the canvas. In vain the old man pleaded and expostulated—nay once in an angry tone *commanded* her to go back instantly. I wish you could have seen her then. It was like the uncoiling of a beautiful snake, disturbed in its playfulness by the rash intruder's foot. With eye-balls darting fire—throat swelling and falling with beautiful rage—and every movement indicating the contortions of a fiend, who had in vain endeavored to disguise himself in the robes of spiritual beauty—she rudely pushed the old man aside, sprung lightly into the room, and stood, in an attitude of wild and timid repose, directly in front of the stranger knight.

CHAPTER II.

And the knight, being entranced with the supernatural beauty of Undine, rushed eagerly towards her with his arms extended, as if he would clasp her to his bosom; but she shrunk from his approach like the sensitive plant; which thrillingly feels, yet dares not meet, man's touch—and the eager knight embraced the empty air.

When I was a little child, I once tried to catch a beautiful bird that sat singing in a green bush; but when my hand, certain of its victim, closed to grasp it, a gleam of loveliness shot across my eyes—a wild burst of joyous melody smote my ears—and that bird like a midnight dream, passed from my sight forever. Hope ceased her guardian watch, and as she turned her face from me, threw deep black shadows far into my heart. So felt the strange knight, as he stood with extended arms motionless and eyes gazing wildly in the direction whence Undine had vanished, until the good old hermit came and laid his hand upon the youth's shoulder, and spoke kindly to him—for he knew that his guest was in a charmed spell, and could no more control his thought.

So he led the knight, as he would have done a child, to a beautiful arbor at the bottom of the garden, where the moon-beams had stolen through the vine-leaves, and were dallying with the dew—for the tempest had suddenly ceased, and the majestic night had come forth uncovered, to hold her starry court—and pointed to a rustic bed made of dry leaves and moss. Then he blessed him and departed—and the stranger slept sweetly beneath the sheltering wings of night. But it was his body alone that slumbered; for no sooner had he closed his eyes than a thousand faces, radiant with smiles and witching tenderness, clustered around him—and, oh rapture! among them was Undine, who came joyously towards him, and flung herself confidingly into his arms, and, as she looked up in his face, he thought he had passed the cloudy shadows which separate earth from heaven, and was already in the abode of immortal bliss.

But I will not protract my story. The knight fell impetuously in love with the little fairy girl, who told him that she had sacrificed her immortality out of pure love for him, and promised him every delight that physical or intellectual longing could possibly conceive—so long as he was faithful to her; and the little witch kept her word, and had told her the truth, too, as you shall presently see—for her father, Kuhleborn, and all the rest of her fairy acquaintances, gradually forsook her, and she held no more communion with the winged spirit of the ideal world, save with that one who is ever near the object of her anxiety and love—her mother! Aye, that fairy mother, in the still starlight, when Undine slept like a rose upon the bosom of her lord, would come and fan her with her musical wings, and breathe fragrance [illegible] them up, and fold her more closely to his breast; and the mother would glide noiselessly away, and sit in pleasant sadness by the river's brink, until the garish day-light frightened her back to her haunts in the deep forest.

Well—this lasted for some time, the old hermit sanctioning with his smiles the endearments of the fond pair; for he knew that Undine's only chance of happiness was in the constancy of the stranger knight—for she had forfeited her immortal nature, and trusted all her rich treasure of hope and happiness to a human love! How precious the cargo! how frail the bark! what a little tempest will shatter this slight vessel, and strew the glittering fragments of its freight upon the sands!

Anon came a gallant array of knights from his father's court, to conduct our bewildered lover back to life. Congratulations upon his safety, and the evident joy which dwelt upon the features of his friends, at length subdued him, and he consented to return to the gay world. He sought once more his Undine in her favorite bower; and as he approached, a strain of most exquisite music stole upon his ear. He listened, and heard the voice of his own—his beloved—pour forth her soul:

"Farewell, farewell! ye dreams which were my being,
And are no more—at least, no more to me;
I see ye dimly from my presence fleeing—
I now—I know—ye never more can be
Solace or joy of mine! How weak to trust
Undying love like mine to mortal formed of dust!

"Farewell, farewell! ye bright-winged sister spirits,
Immortal in your beauty and your truth!
I cannot envy ye—my soul inherits
A dowry dearer than immortal youth,
E'en from the fullness of my present joy,
While yet I linger near my beauteous island boy!

"Ah! for one thrill of love to wring with bliss
The delicate fibres of a heart like mine,
I'd pay again the price I pay for this!
And, though for me no more the stars shall shine,
Or flowers around their odorous breath distill,
Or nightly revels on the moon-lit hill!

"Awake me with their echoes—yet the sense
Of human love, and that I was adored
With warm and human energy, shall dispense
Fragrance immortal o'er me, when I've poured
The essence of my being out, and died—
The victim of immortal love and mortal pride!"

Wildly he rushed into the arbor, and clasped the fairy woman over and over to his breast—swearing and protesting most vehemently that he would only go and see his father and receive his blessing, and his mother's kiss, and his sister's farewell embrace, and then straightway return to the island and his fairy bride. And so, he again pressed her little bosom to his own, and kissed her lips, and she, poor thing! believed him—for she was nothing but a woman then, and had lost her fairy sagacity—and twining her beautiful limbs around him, as if she would grow there forever, she flooded his bosom with her pure warm tears; and gently removing her now insensible form to a green bank, strown with violets, and calling the good old hermit from the hut, he rushed out, and mounting his gallant steed, dashed wildly across the Rhine, and bent his way to his father's castle.

And now I must let you into a very important secret; which is, that our gallant knight had already wooed and won the daughter of a powerful nobleman, whose castle was on the opposite bank of the river to his father's,—and the marriage contracts and settlements had all been made and ratified by the old people. The lady was a pretty, unmeaning, blue-eyed girl, and knew no better than to fall in love according to law and the command of her father; and she therefore made no opposition, but merely waited in listless indifference, till her husband should release her virgin bosom from its bursting boddice, and lead her to the nuptial chamber. Of what *that* was, she had no possible idea—or, if she had, nobody was ever the wiser of it.

And so the knight dashed onwards, outstripping all his friends, until he arrived breathless at his father's castle, scarce knowing where he was or where he had been.

But all questions or surmise was smothered in the joy occasioned by his return. Feasts and festivals were the order of the day—and our knight was eternally stuck alongside of the blue-eyed girl he was to marry. But he thought of nothing but a pair of large black orbs that used to dart lightning into his soul, when he was on the little island; and he never heard his intended bride utter a word without thrilling, by contrast, all over, with the memory of that fair music which soothed him in Undine's bower. And he saw her in his dreams—and even when he was wide awake, his soul still lingered round that charmed spot, hallowed by the presence of immortal love. But earthly ties are more palpable than the air-wrought links of the soul's affections, and find a stronger hold in our gross and earthly nature; and so, day after day, the dream of his sweet Undine became dimmer and more fleeting; and at last, like one intoxicated with glorious wine who sinks to sleep dreamless, he tumbled heedlessly back to earth, and his fairy bride was remembered no more. The day for his marriage was fixed, and the time was spent in a continual round of feasting and merry making.

Where was Undine all this time? What did she? Tell us all about her. In good time you shall hear the whole sad story.

CHAPTER III.

Have you ever, dear reader, journeyed in the hot sunshine, your brain literally broiling in the heat, and the dust driving, like a sleet-storm, into your face, filling your eyes, ears and throat with minute particles, which irritated you almost to phrenzy—and, when almost ready to drop down dead with fatigue, thirst and despair, suddenly seen, upon turning an abrupt angle in the path, a fair smiling woodland lawn stretching before you, and a cool, limpid stream of water gushing out from among the flowers, and a whole orchard of birds singing gaily in the branches? So, after the dusty and perplexing toils of life, return we to Undine and her strange fortunes.

Ah, she was a guilty thing—that beautiful and fairy girl! for what right had she to sacrifice her celestial nature, and become a mere thing of earth for worms to feed upon, just for a few mortal kisses? True, true—but those kisses! oh, what rapture lies hidden in the spell of that hour when the divine soul, with its cold immaculate brightness, yields to the warmer thrillings of terrestial love, and melts away in ecstacy beneath the glance of passion-lighted eyes—the pressure of warm sweet lips! Immortals live in a bright round of perpetual purity and lustre. No o'erwrought heaving of the breast—no momentary thrilling of agonising bliss—no melting climax of joy, concentrating in its burning focus a whole life of hope and aspiration—repays the weary soul for all her watchings. Undine had drunk of the intoxicating draught till her lips grew to the goblet.

Ah, who can blame her! Who has not tasted moments of earthly bliss so intense that were immortality's brightest visions spread palpably before him, he would spurn them all!

Soon after the knight left the little island, our good old hermit, upon going to Undine's apartment, as was his wont, saw her not. He searched every where—the garden, the river bank, the thicket which surrounded his little plantation, were all examined in vain. She had fled upon the wings of love, and, panting with toil and exhaustion, came at last to her knight's castle, and ran like lightning through the court. What saw she? Lights were glancing in every niche,—loud and boisterous noises of merriment and gaiety echoed through the passages—and, bracing her little heart with the strength of despair, Undine rushed wildly to the great saloon, and saw the knight—her own beloved—him for whose love Heaven and its joys she had lightly thrown away—leading the pretty blue-eyed German girl to the altar. The white-robed priest was there—and, as he completed the ceremony, he raised his venerable hands and blessed them in the name of the virgin. And the harp and tambour struck up their wild music—and away fled the bride and the bride-groom with the joyous throng of revellers to the dance.

Undine was not yet *all* a woman. Revenge, as it were the dying spark of her immortal nature, burst [illegible] for her mother. She was at her side, and gazing wistfully and fondly upon her, ere the echoes had ceased whispering in the woods.

"Execute me this first and only prayer, dear, dear mother!" said Undine—"and forever I release you from the charge of your most miserable child!"

"What would you, sweet?"

"Strike him dead!—aye! but wait ——" and her eyes flashed and her whole form seemed convulsed with demoniac passion—"wait till he enfolds her to his heart, as he has done me so often—and kisses her—hell and furies! as he has kissed me so many thousand times—then strike him, mother—let him wither in her arms, like a dead viper, until they shall both sink in base, earthly corruption together. Mother! mother! grant me this, as you love your child!"

On went the marriage feast—and never had Rhine's blue waters wafted gayer notes or wilder revelry than echoed from the old baronial castle, where our young knight was immolating the beauteous dove that had nestled in his bosom on the altar of worldly pride and miscalled duty.

But when the feast was over, and the bride was led blushing to her chamber, a strange thrill shot through the bosom of the knight as he was about to follow, and he almost staggered into the room. The bride, frightened at his convulsive motions, ran and put her naked arms about him, and he unconsciously leaned his head upon her bosom—when suddenly a terrific burst of thunder shook the castle to its foundation, and the face of the knight became livid and distorted—and, even as Undine had prayed, he withered away ghastly in his bride's arms, and they both fell shrieking to the earth.

The morning sun rose clear and beautiful over the old ivy crowned castle—but there were mourning and tears beneath that venerable roof; and when the sun slanted across the sighing forest tops at evening, they bore the young and noble knight to his peaceful home, and laid him to rest among the flowers of the green valley—and when all had departed with sorrowful footsteps from the spot, and the stealthy moon came with her bright limbs scantily clad in gauzy clouds, to meet her lover on the hill, she looked upon the celestial form of Undine, bending in sorrow and repentance o'er her lover's grave—and the dew and the star-light mingling together, dissolved her frail and beautiful outline, until it mixed with the invisible odors that played above the flowers—and the next day there was bubbling a bright spring at the knight's head, the waters of which, diverging into two graceful channels, clasped like loving arms the form of him Undine had so fatally loved.

And now, thou beautiful spirit, farewell forever! In thy companionship have we found solace from the weight of mortality's burthen—and while sympathising with the unhappy and yet blissful fate, have learned to feel that to preserve an immortal nature, it is necessary to forget that we have mortal passions.

SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11.

Acknowledgment.

We give our thanks to a large number of the subscribers of the Post, for the very handsome manner in which remittances have been made to us, for some time past, and for the quality of the funds, in which they have been made. We shall endeavor on our part to do justice to them in turn.

A word to those still in arrears. We shall be much obliged for a speedy settlement, as the volume is now opened, and we wish to start, unincumbered by *back balances*. Let the accounts all be settled up, and we will take a *fair* start together and see who shall first tire in the race. *We shall continue to issue a splendid paper.*

Travelling Agents.

Wm. A. Pierce, assisted by James Pierce, Pennsylvania.

J. Lees, Maryland and Delaware.

Henry M. Lewis, Alabama and Tennessee.

Israel E. James, general travelling agent for the Southern States and Tennessee, assisted by Jas. K. Whipple, O. H. P. Stem, Benjamin Gardiner and Chas. S. James.

Thos. Severn, New York.

J. F. Easton, Illinois and Missouri.

John H. Allen, is authorized as a general travelling agent to obtain new subscribers to the Post and Graham's Magazine.

☞ Mr. James R. Smith and M. Meeker, will assist our Travelling Agent, C. W. James, in Western Collections. Mr. James' office and residence, is on Harrison street, east of Broadway, Cincinnati.

☞ A. R. Harris, Esq. has been appointed Agent for the Post and Magazine, vice J. R. Tucker, Esq. resigned.

☞ John A. Hall, Esq. late of Warren, Pa., will act as agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine, at Jamestown, Chatauque county, N. Y.

☞ Mr. James M. Davis of this city is a regular agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine.

Laws and Manners.

A late French writer divides manners into natural, religious, political, national, public, and private: to which, he says other divisions might still be added. In general, the word *manners* imports a habit, and is used sometimes in a wider sense when it denotes the taste and customs, either of a nation or of an individual; or sometimes it is understood in a more restricted sense, when it expresses merely a degree of morality.

The first object of contemplation in the manners of a people is their morality. To elevate this, and thus to fix the happiness of nations on a more solid basis, is the first problem in the inquiry of the mutual influence maintained between manners and laws. To this object our whole work should tend in all its parts.

To display, in full evidence, the profound and mysterious influence of manners on the laws, and to deduce the imperious necessity, that the former should be good, —in order that the laws may be good to infer, hence, the duty of legislature—to consult the moral wants and the high destinies of man—this is indeed our first duty.

But it is not the most extensive part; social happiness is the chief object of legislation, and in the present inquiry it will be our duty to bestow still more attention on material happiness than on moral well-being.

Manners being the result of the free development of a moral being, might seem, at the first view, to belong to a quite different order of things from the laws. The latter are marked out by political or civil authority, have an obligatory force, enchain the will and natural action of man, and often act independent of those motives of humanity and of virtue that always preside over morality. It would appear, then, that there cannot be any reciprocity of influence between manners and laws. It would seem, that they tend to separate and even to disagree. This, however, is an error. The manners, in spite of their free nature, their independent character, their elevated tendency, depend on numerous circumstances, by which they are modified. They are the effect of a multitude of stimulating causes, and among these causes and circumstances, the laws hold a distinguished rank. The laws frequently serve at once as rules that guide, and as limits that bound the manners in their development.

We have spoken only of human laws; but it is well understood that the laws of nature and the divine laws exercise an influence on manners not less profound; and, in fact, the natural and providential laws which preside over the progress of nations, according to the difference of time, country, and climate, are so many causes that modify manners. Laws, in their turn, viewed by themselves, seem to belong to a quite different order of things from manners. They take little notice of individuals, having in view the whole body of society, and always sacrifice individual interests to the common good. Notwithstanding this divergence, manners and laws still meet in the common source from which they emanate, and in the supreme authority which sanctions them.

In fact, civil and political laws, when thoroughly analyzed, are merely copies, more or less imperfect, of divine and natural laws. Human laws are the product of a reason made in the image of the divine reason; they are an emanation of this divine reason; similar to it; sublime in this resemblance, guilty and abject whenever that resemblance is not felt.

Now, these same natural and divine laws, of which political and civil laws are only copies more or less imperfect, preside also over the manners of nations; and these manners, in their turn, are produced by them and partake of their defects. It follows, that not only the divine laws, which constitute morality, and human laws, which constitute legality, should unite and mutually support each other, but also, that manners and laws should jointly establish in the heart of the individual and in the bosom of the people, that harmony of motives and tendency which constitute, at once, strength and virtue, and which ought to characterise nations as well as individuals.

It is with these convictions, that we have entered on the inquiry of the influence of manners on laws, and laws on manners.

We admit that there may be a divergency between legality and morality; we know that this divergency often exists; but we think there is neither wisdom, nor strength, nor virtue in their disunion. Care must be taken, however, lest we fall into exaggeration respecting this mutual influence, which can neither be sought nor found anywhere. Two facts, it is well known, may exist at the same time, and yet, in spite of apparent connection, they may be perfectly independent of each other.

Historians have often been deceived by these appearances, and many chapters in the history of the human race are still to be re-written in consequence. In general, the greatest circumspection is required on a subject which concerns the purest and most sacred interests of man; which is so intimately connected with the most sublime laws of God; with the noblest as well as the most debased condition of nations, which embraces the whole intellectual, moral, and political life of humanity.

Fine things have been said on manners and laws: useful things, however, are far more necessary. Eloquence has too long lent all her charms and her majesty to these subjects. It is time for reason to utter her simple and austere language. Our object has been to point out wherein lies the happiness of nations;—to convince that it cannot be found but in the observance of the laws, —to prove that the laws cannot be observed unless they are good, and that good laws cannot be formed unless upon the foundation of good manners. These are, perhaps, well known truths: they are to be found in all books; they, however, neither form the belief, nor regulate the conduct of nations; they have, hitherto, neither brought peace nor prosperity to nations.

The "Ugly Wall."

Our readers will remember, that a difficulty has for a long time existed between the Philadelphia Exchange Company, and Mr. James Gowen, in relation to the right of the company to block up the door-way, opening upon their grounds. The case came up before the District Court on Saturday last, when a number of witnesses were examined on the part of the plaintiff. The two principal points on which he rested his claim for damages were, 1st, that the Exchange Company had thrown out, for public use, all the ground East of his house, which they had previously owned; 2d, that he, in common with the public, had a right to use that ground as a highway, and to open a door upon it; and 3d, that the "ugly wall" erected by the Company, obstructing his door, was a nuisance.

The substance of the testimony was this. The Exchange was begun on the centennial anniversary of the birth of Washington, February 22d, 1832, but was not finished for two or three years afterwards. Part of the plan of the building contemplated the location of the Post office in the lower story, and that office was established there in May or June, 1834, before the building was entirely finished. During the erection of the building, the ground alleged to be thrown open for a public highway, was covered by sheds, under which the stone masons worked.

It was proved to be essential to the convenience of the Post office that the space alluded to should be left open for the admission of light, and the late Postmaster of the city, Col. Page, on hearing that the Exchange Company proposed building upon it, remonstrated against the measure, and it was in consequence abandoned. The clerks in the office are now frequently obliged to perform their duties by gas light as early as three o'clock in the afternoon, as the ceiling of the office is too low to admit sufficient light through the windows on dark days. It was also proved that the late improvement upon Mr. Gowen's building increased the light admitted to the Post office.

Mr. Gowen's house, standing at the South-east corner of Third and Dock streets, is bounded on the South and East by the ground originally purchased by the Exchange Company, and thrown open as thoroughfares around their building; but it was denied that they dedicated those to the use of the public, while Mr. Gowen, in describing them in his declaration, calls them "public highways."

A part of the old Eastern party wall of Mr. Gowen's house, which appears to have been a party wall for one hundred and fifty years, was torn down in 1839, and the face of the wall altered so as to present a circular front. A door was put in the lower story, with a marble pillar on each side, the whole being made to harmonize with the architecture of the Exchange. These improvements were erected on the old party foundation wall and cost about $3000.

As soon as this improvement was completed, the Exchange Company had a dead wall erected on the old party line, one half being upon the open space, called by Mr. Gowen the "highway," and the other half blocking up his door and embedding a portion of the marble pillars at its sides.

It was shown, on the cross-examination of some of the witnesses, that, after the space alluded to had been thrown open, and before Mr. Gowen had the door made in his Eastern wall, the Company erected a screen in front of that wall, but connected with it, for a particular purpose, which was afterwards taken down, as it became offensive. The last witness called by the plaintiff, proved that the Exchange Company had sold to him all the materials of which the walls of the buildings which stood on the side of the Exchange were composed, and that, *if torn down*, he would be entitled to one half of the materials of which the Eastern wall of Mr. Gowen's house is composed.

The defendant's counsel now made a motion that the plaintiff be nonsuited, alleging that so far from proving that the open space was a public highway, his own witnesses had shown that the Exchange Company has always claimed and exercised authority over it.

This motion was opposed by the plaintiff's counsel, who contended that the Company had dedicated the "open space" to the public use, and that they had no claim whatever upon Mr. Gowen's Eastern wall, they having sold their part of it, among other walls, to a third person. The judge, however, granted the nonsuit, observing that, although private persons might dedicate ground to the public use, in which the public would then have an undisputed right, yet he did not see any testimony in this case to support the allegation that the defendant had so dedicated the space on the Eastern front of Mr. Gowen's house. Such a question is purely a matter of fact for the decision of the jury, said his honor; but I cannot leave such a question to them when there is no evidence of the fact presented. It is therefore ordered that a nonsuit be entered, and if the plaintiff is so disposed, he may have this decision reviewed by the court in bank.

The plaintiff's counsel said they would have the decision so reviewed, and the Court then adjourned.

Counsel for the plaintiff, George M. Dallas, G. Mallory and McIlvaine, Esqrs. For the defendant, W. M. Meredith and E. K. Price, Esqrs.

Pennsylvania Manufactures.

The enormous load of debt under which this State now staggers should, instead of driving us to despair or repudiation, induce us to bring out our latent energies. No member of the national confederacy is capable of doing so much as Pennsylvania if once she is fully aroused. Her mineral treasures are incalculable—her agricultural resources are immense—and her capacity to become a great manufacturing State is beyond question. Look at Massachusetts. With scarcely any good soil, with no very great water power, possessed of a population inferior in numbers to our own—and yet what has she not done, and what is she not doing? No step seems too bold for her. Her gigantic rail road from Boston to Albany puts ours to the blush, and yet Massachusetts scarcely feels the exertion necessary to create so vast a work. We, on the contrary, are exhausted by our internal improvements. Why is this?

One great cause of our comparative weakness is, that we have manufactured too little, and, instead of husbanding our wealth, sent it abroad to New England and Europe to purchase their commodities. But why should we depend on others for our cotton and woollen fabrics? Why should we not enter the field as a manufacturer, and grow rich too by supplying the non-manufacturing States? We have abundance of water-power. We have coal mines to drive our steam-engines. Why are we asleep?

The single State of Massachusetts manufactures annually sixteen millions worth of cotton goods alone—to say nothing of her other manufactories. She employs twenty thousand persons in this branch of manufacture. To furnish food for such a large number, she enters our market and buys bread. To drive her steam-engines, she comes hither for coal. All these we have at our own doors, and if we once enter boldly into manufacturing, we can, with such facilities, eventually drive competition out of the market. Let it not be said we want persons to work at our mills. Once establish manufactories and there will be no want of operatives. They can live cheaper here than in New England, and why should they not come? In twenty years, if we would only develope our resources fully and enter the lists as a great manufacturing State, we should double our population.

Few of our citizens know the real capability of Pennsylvania. With our wheat growing counties, our vast coal and iron mines, and the patience, nerve, and thrift of the great mass of our population, we stand second to no commonwealth in the Union. Energy, to develope these resources is all we lack. Give us that—let our people but awake, and we will rival Massachusetts in manufactures, and win the western trade against every competitor.

Verdict in the Reeside Case.

The great case of Reeside against the United States, which has engrossed the attention of the United States District Court for several weeks, was brought to a final termination on Monday. The jury returned a verdict in favor of Mr. Reeside, giving him $188,496 damages, and six cents costs.

Extensive Circulation.

A curious instance of the circulation of a bank note is mentioned by the Houston Telegraph. A gentleman who was closing up some business of a mercantile firm in one of the western settlements of Texas, a few weeks since, paid out a $100 note on one of the Louisiana Banks, and in a few days afterwards received it from a person who was owing him. On making inquiry he ascertained that this bill had made the complete tour of the settlement, "paying up old scores," and has actually passed through the hands of twenty-four different debtors and creditors, thus paying debts to the amount of $2,400!

The United States Gazette says that there is another story which has been more than once told in this city, most happily illustrative of the effect of one payment.

"A gentleman resident in New York, who had considerable business in Philadelphia, came on late in the season, about the year 1770, to make his collection and pay what he owed; but in order that the latter might not be dependant on the former, he took a quantity of gold pieces (bank notes were not in those days) and set forth. When he arrived here he entered promptly on his business of dunning, but his customers, one and all, began to make excuses—every one had a good deal due to him, but could not collect, and of course could not pay. Finding that he was to collect nothing, the worthy friend determined to finish the other part of his business and go home. He therefore took his bundle of gold pieces, and went round and paid all of his debts. Having then got business off his hand, he spent a few days with his friends, and prepared to depart. Just as he was going, one of his debtors intimated that he could now pay, and he accordingly did pay. This induced the friend to try again, and, to his astonishment, *all* paid; and, what added to the moral, was that the worthy gentleman found that he had got back nearly every gold piece, the identical coin, which he brought with him from New York.

This anecdote was narrated to us by an esteemed friend, who wished it placed before the public for the encouragement of the punctual and the monition of the negligent; but our informant would not let us hear the whole of the story until *he* had pocketed a receipt for subscription—not *yet* due, but which he thought ought to be paid before he undertook to stir up others to good works.

There is much propriety in considerations of this kind. The *nimble* sixpence works as well in payment of a debt as in the purchase of goods; and few who commence the payment are aware of what a current of coin they make, and the approaching season is that in which such considerations are valuable."

Debt of England.

The national debt of England has been the growth of only a century and a half. When James the 2d was expelled in 1688, the crown revenue was the king's by right, and was not, as now, voted to him annually by parliament. Out of this revenue the monarch often supported an army and a fleet. Charles the first ruled twelve years without a cent from parliament, and his son Charles the Second followed his example more than once.

At the revolution, however, and the accession of William the third, the revenue of the king underwent a change. The parliament undertook the expense of the army, and voted the king a salary yearly—this was called the civil list. At the same time grew up the practice of carrying on war by loans instead of raising the current expenses by taxation. The long wars of the Duke of Marlborough, and the succeeding contests betwixt England and France were conducted on this principle. At length the debt grew so enormous that the interest alone was greater than the annual war expenses of the Duke of Marlborough—so that the people of England, by adopting the system of William the third, finally came to pay taxes annually as great as they would have paid, if they were engaged constantly in war, yet free from debt. Thus the first American war increased the National Debt of Great Britain about £120,000,000. At the commencement of the French war, 1793, the debt of England was £239,350,148. In 1837 it amounted to £848,282,477—an increase of 600,000,000, in twenty-four years of the convulsions of Europe. Since the peace, the debt has been diminished £64,000,000 by a fall of interest; as the government offered to pay the holders of stock, if they refused to receive a reduced payment. This national debt of England now amounts to ($4,000,000,00) FOUR THOUSAND MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!!! At three per cent. interest this sum requires for interest about *one hundred and twenty millions of dollars* annually. The interest on this debt may continue long to be paid; the capital never can be.

The next war into which Great Britain plunges will increase this debt. A few more contests must ruin her.

Fair Mount Bridge.

This elegant structure is fast approaching to completion, and will be ready for use in March or April. When finished, it will be the first and only one of the kind in the country. The design is simple, but in that very simplicity consists its merit. The bridge itself will be composed of wood, but instead of being supported by, it will be suspended from, wire cables. These cables pass over the tops of granite columns thirty feet high, the columns themselves being raised from the abutments on either side of the river. The cables after passing over the columns, are secured firmly in the rock below. Three hundred wires, each a half an inch in thickness, are banded together to form these cables. The cables, as they pass the tops of the columns, rest upon iron axles which yield a little as the action of the bridge needs relief.

The distance from the granite columns to the centre of the span of the inverted arch formed by the cables, is about 350 feet. The curves, of course, will be very beautiful. The bridge itself runs in a horizontal line, from abutment to abutment, cutting the curve at its base. It will be 26 feet wide, affording ample space for the carriage-way, and foot-paths on each side of generous width. The bridge is simply a platform with railings, made light and graceful. It will hang from the cables by wire ropes, securely fastened. The whole structure will combine beauty, strength, durability, for freshets can never reach it, and the cables are incapable of decay. Repairs upon the wood work can always be made with the utmost ease. The cables will cross the river nearly seventy feet above the water—the abutments being forty feet and the columns thirty feet high. The greatest difficulty is to secure the ends of the cables firmly in the earth, and to prevent the corrosive influence of both fire and water.

The architect is Mr. Ellet. The cost of the bridge will be about fifty thousand dollars.

Railroad to New York.

We copy the following stricture from the North American. The complaints against the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company and against the Mail Pilot Line are on the increase; and, for their own credit, if not for the convenience of the public, the officers of these corporations should amend the errors.

"The Railroads between this city and New York, are not conducted as they should be, with reference to the comfort or convenience of the public. We have heard reiterated complaints during the last week, of delays and detentions, which the public will not tolerate much longer. There appears to be no system about the meeting of the trains, and almost every day one or another of them is compelled to back out for two or three miles to let the other pass. The slightest snow storm throws every thing into confusion, and passengers are delayed almost every trip, hours beyond the proper time, by the derangement of the trains or from feeble and powerless engines. The directors of the roads should be apprised of this bad state of things and apply the remedy."

That the censure included in the above paragraph is not without foundation, we know from our own personal experience, for, having occasion to return from New York on Monday week—the day of the snow-storm—we started by the night line, but were detained on the road until four o'clock the next morning, making eleven hours. All this difficulty might have been prevented by sending a locomotive before to clear the road of snow, for the track was in no place impassable by a locomotive and tender, although it often resisted their passage when incumbered by a heavily loaded train. We suspect that, if there was an opposition on this route, the present line would be more accommodating.

From Mexico.

The New Orleans Bee of the 20th ult. says:—"The barque Maria de la Paz, which arrived yesterday from Vera Cruz, brings us dates from that port to the 7th ult. and from the capital to the 1st. They are of little importance in a political point of view. The country was generally tranquil, and the conduct of Santa Anna appeared to give general satisfaction. Business was languid at Vera Cruz. At the departure of the Marie de la Paz, the appointment of Don Ignacio Triguero, as minister of war, was regarded as certain. A letter published in yesterday's Courier, dated Vera Cruz, November 4th, mentions that the state of Tobasco had been re-annexed to the Mexican government. This intelligence appears problematical, and needs confirmation."

Trial for Murder.

A slave named Baldy, aged fifteen years, was recently tried in the Parish of Lafourche, on a charge of murder, in taking the daughter of her mistress, a child about four years old, out of the bed where she was sleeping, and throwing her into a well. It appeared in proof, that other servants heard the cries of the child, rescued her from her perilous situation, and saved her life. It appearing manifest to the jury that Baldy maliciously intended to commit murder, they returned a verdict of guilty, and she was sentenced to be hung on the 16th ultimo.

Navy—Orders.

Nov. 15—Surgeon Geo. Terrill, fleet surgeon, W. I. Squadron.
Chaplain, M. B. Talbot, frigate Macedonian.
Sailmaker, John Joines, sloop Warren.
16—Lieut. W. Radford, Mid. A. De Bow, W. V. Gillis, A. H. Waring, receiving ship Norfolk.
Mid. E. Benshaw, rec. ship, New York.
17—Mid. Gustavus Harrison, rec. ship, Boston.
18—Chaplain W. B. Chase, frigate United States.
Lieut. A. Lewis, command of brig Consort.
19—Comm'r J. M. McIntosh, command of ship Falmouth.
Comm'r. J. S. Paine, rendezvous, Portland, Maine.
Lieut. John Pope, command of schr. Grampus.
Lieut. O. Bullus, steamer Fulton.
Mid. W. K. Mayo, F. A. Hallet, Pacific squadron.
20—Gunner Wm. Gale, sloop Warren.
Mid. W. C. B. S. Porter, naval school, Philadelphia.

OFFICERS RELIEVED AND DETACHED.

15—Lieut. W. M. Glendy, from rendezvous, Baltimore.
19—Lieut. J. H. Little, from rec. ship, Norfolk.
Lieut. L. M. Powell, from command of brig Consort.
19—Lt. F. Chatard, from steamer Fulton.
P. Mid. W. P. McArthur, from brig Consort.

APPOINTMENT.

20—William Gale, acting Gunner.—*Army and Navy Chronicle.*

Governors.

The following, says the Albany Evening Journal, is a complete list of the Governors of the several States, including the results of the recent elections. Just half the Governors of States are Whigs. Their names are in italics.

STATES.	GOVERNORS.
Maine,	John Fairfield,
New Hampshire,	John Page,
Vermont,	*Charles Paine,*
Massachusetts,	*John Davis,*
Rhode Island,	*Samuel W. King,*
Connecticut,	*Wm. W. Ellsworth,*
New York,	*Wm. H. Seward,*
New Jersey,	*Wm. Pennington,*
Pennsylvania,	David R. Porter,
Delaware,	*Wm. B. Cooper,*
Maryland,	Francis Thomas,
Virginia,	John Rutherford, acting.
North Carolina,	*John M. Moorehead,*
South Carolina,	John P. Richardson,
Georgia,	Chas. J. McDonald,
Alabama,	Benj. Fitzpatrick,
Mississippi,	T. A. Tucker,
Louisiana,	*A. B. Roman,*
Arkansas,	Archibald Yell,
Tennessee,	*James C. Jones,*
Kentucky,	*Robert B. Letcher,*
Ohio,	*Thomas Corwin,*
Michigan,	John S. Barry,
Indiana,	*Samuel Bigger,*
Illinois,	Thomas Carlin,
Missouri,	Thomas Reynolds.

Serious Affray at Pekin.

The Peoria Register of Nov. 19th, says, there has been some difficulty at Pekin during the summer, growing out of rival claims to the ferry, which were brought to a rather serious termination on Wednesday. Messrs. Allen and ——— claimed the exclusive right to the ferry, and put boats upon it. The corporation of Pekin contested this right, and also provided boats. The agents of Allen were Mr. M'Grew and son, of the corporation Mr. Thorp. The latter had a bell at their landing on this side, and on Tuesday the M'Grews built a pen round it, contending that it was upon their land. On Wednesday, Mr. J. B. Wagenseller, one of the trustees of Pekin, crossed the river, with two or three friends, and himself commenced tearing down the pen. The elder, thereupon seized a rail and struck him a blow which fractured his skull. Upon this Mr. Thorp interposed, and with a weapon of some sort, broke the shoulder of M'Grew. The melee now became somewhat general. Mr. Allen, who had by this time arrived, struck a German in the head with a tomahawk, but the latter threw him into the river, and piled some boards upon him, until his courage was very sensibly cooled. Farther particulars of the fight we have not time to recount. At the close it was discovered that the corporation party had entirely routed the others, and they crowned their victory by breaking to pieces the boats of the intruders. Mr. Wagenseller we regret to hear, is hardly expected to recover.

A Desperate Suicide.

During the passage of the steamboat Worcester from Norwich, Conn., to New York on Friday, one of the hands of the boat discovered an over and under coat, and a hat and wallet on the main deck of the vessel, near her stern. Upon further examination, a profusion of blood was found spattered upon the railing and deck of the boat, and some powder and a quantity of papers. Among the papers was a note dated Middletown, May 11th, 1841, for twenty-five dollars, payable on demand, to Benjamin Conover, and signed by Griffin Clark, and from others it appeared that the owner of the pocket book was a resident of New Jersey, and his name was Benjamin Conover, a tailor by trade. There were also two bills in the wallet, for twenty-nine days' board with J. W. Kinney, at the Merchants' Hotel, Norwich. From these circumstances combined, it is presumed that Conover must have committed suicide by shooting himself with a pistol, during the passage of the boat down the Sound, on Thursday morning; and in so doing, he must have seated himself on the railing, and fell overboard immediately after he committed the deed. The chambermaid of the boat asserts that she heard the report of a pistol about three o'clock in the morning, aft the ladies' cabin. The clothes, hat and papers are in the possession of the agent of the boat, at Peck slip, New York, where the friends of the deceased can obtain them.

Iron Light House.

A Cast Iron Light House has just been finished in New York. The Belgian Consul contracted for it, and at the suggestion of Mr. Wm. Kemball, of New York, a gentleman extensively known in foundries, it was made of iron. The New York American thus describes it:

"It is to be erected on the Moro Castle, at the entrance of the harbor of St. Jago de Cuba. The form of the tower is octagon; the diameter of the base is ten feet, under the top seven and a half feet; the height eighteen feet. It is built in three sections; the top not included; each section contains eight pannels; the weight of the lowest section is 7821 lbs; the second 5633 lbs; the third 4543 lbs; the top or cap 2617. The weight of the whole, the lantern included, will be about 30,000 lbs; Over the door are the arms of Spain, with the maker's name, and New York, 1841. It is a revolving light. Some of the advantages of a cast iron light house, are, 1st, durability; 2d, being portable; 3d, the room obtained inside; 4th, its easy erection on places where it would cost from two to three hundred per cent. more to build of stone or brick."

Singular Coincidence.

A citizen of Lowell, Mass. has two sons who are settled in "distant lands." One of them resides in Illinois, and the other in Texas. They have not been in this quarter nor seen each other for five years. A few mornings since, the father was standing at the Lowell Depot, just as the cars had arrived from Boston. One of the passengers observing him, came towards him unperceived, and "tapped him on the shoulder." Looking up, he beheld before him his son, who had just arrived from Texas. They started from the depot busy in conversation. They had gone but a few steps; when another person who had been a passenger in the same train, came up behind them and touched them on the shoulders. Looking round, to their astonishment and delight, they beheld before them the son whose residence is in Illinois. The meeting was to each of them altogether unexpected. The sons had passed from Boston to Lowell in the same train of cars without having observed each other. The father knew nothing of the intended visits of his sons, and the sons were quiet as ignorant of the movements of each other.

Western Navigation.

The Pittsburg papers of Friday, announce four feet three inches water in the channel of the Ohio by the marks. While the eastern cities, says the Gazette, are in the middle of winter, we have mild and pleasant weather. Our streets and landings present quite a lively appearance—our merchants and shippers are making good use of the short season that remains for steamboat navigation. The Allegheny landing is crowded with flat boats unloading pig iron, staves, cherry and poplar scantling and boards, hay, &c. while a large quantity of lumber is being "drawn" from the rafts that line the shores. We observed two steamers, the Forrest and the Pulaski, loading for up the Allegheny, with Pittsburg Manufactures, Groceries, Dry Goods, &c. The trade of this river is only beginning to develope itself.

The Ohio, at Cincinnati, on Wednesday, was rising slowly. The Nashville Banner of the latest date states that the Cumberland was rising rapidly. The Wabash River, on the 25th November was in good stage, and the business on it brisk.

Interesting from Florida.

Halleck Hadjo, the chief recently taken by Lieutenant Anderson, and who was sent from Palatka on the 17th ult. into the interior upon a mission of peace to confer with the recreant warriors of his own band, secreted along the border of the St. Johns, has returned, bringing with him eleven warriors. The garrison of Fort Mellon, E. F. occupied for some months past by the 2d Regiment of Dragoons, has been relieved by a company of the 2d Infantry, under the command of Lieutenant Patton.

Lieutenant Colonel Riley, 2d Infantry, with a detachment of sixty men, left Palatka on the 24th ult. in the steamer Charleston, and were taken up the St. Johns so far as Spring Garden Lake, from which place they proceed to the Everglades on a scout after Sam Jones, who is known to be in that part of the territory. Colonel R. has two Indian guides with him, who have promised to conduct him to Sam's hiding places.

The balance of Neathucke Emathla's and Tigertail's people are coming in slowly at Tampa. They have been very much scattered, and the runners are obliged to undergo a great deal of fatigue and travel to communicate with them. The party at Fort King is slowly increasing; two runners from that post are now up the St. Johns; they expect to return in the course of eight or ten days with a number of Halleck's people.

Billy-bow-leg has crossed the Carloosahatchie with his people; it is supposed that he is on his way to Tampa.

Lieutenant Colonel Garland of the 4th, it is to be hoped, will be successful in Middle Florida. The Creeks are supposed to be in that part of the country.

From what we can gather the prospect of closing the war continues to be cheering.

The General Postoffice.

The Intelligencer publishes the following Circular to show what steps are taking by the Postmaster General to insure greater regularity to the mails, as well to warn Postmasters generally what they may expect in case of such neglects of duty as there have been too many examples of:—

Postoffice Department, }
December 3, 1841. }

Sir,—You have been reported by the Third Assistant Postmaster General, J. S. Skinner, Esq., for "a gross neglect" of duty, for having, "in contempt of repeated calls from the Inspection Office, failed to return registers of the arrival and departure of mails at and from your office."

A strict compliance with this portion of your duty is the only means which will enable the Postmaster General to enforce the performance of their engagement by the contractors.

The complaints so universal in the community, and it is matter of regret to learn, in so many cases well founded, of the irregularities and failures of mails, have not been unheeded by the Postmaster General, and he is determined, so far as the law has given him power, to correct the evil when it arises by the default of either Postmasters or Contractors.

And when Postmasters not only fail but refuse to discharge a duty imposed upon them by law, he will endeavor to call to his aid those who, feeling the obligations of their official station, will take pride in discharging their whole duty.

You are respectfully asked to respond to this charge, and furnish such excuse as you may have to make for this seeming neglect of duty with as little delay as possible. Very respectfully, your obedient servant.

Lost Steamer.

There is reason to believe, we hear, that another steam packet has been lost, and that it is the Savannah, which left New York on the 26th November, for Charleston, Key West, and New Orleans, but had not arrived at Charleston when the latest advices from that port were despatched, which was the afternoon of the 1st inst. The articles picked up by Captain Turner agree in description with the equipments of the Savannah, and time and place are also in accordance.

The Savannah was commanded by Captain Crane, an experienced and very skillful navigator. She had but few passengers on board, whose names we have not yet been able to ascertain; among them were the wife and eldest son of Captain Crane. She had on board a large quantity of coal.

Hopes are entertained, if the vessel has been lost, that the passengers and crew were able to save themselves in the boats, and that they succeeded in reaching the land.

Burglary.

On Friday night some depredators forcibly entered the store of Mr. I. Macauley, in Decatur street, near Market, by the cellar way. The fire proof and desks were unlocked in Mr. M.'s store, consequently no damage was done in the way of breaking them. There were only a few pennies in one of the desks, which the robbers left untouched. They ascended to the trap-door of said house, and succeeded in entering Mr. Stoever's wine store, by the trap-door. The fire proof door and desks were broken open, but no money was found save a little change. The robbers then effected an entrance by the trap-door on the house occupied by Mr. L. M. Troutman, as a grocery store. The desks were broken open here also, and great but unsuccessful efforts were made to break the fire proof by means of an iron bar.

The robbers succeeded in obtaining about *one dollar* in the three stores, after a great deal of trouble, trial and vexation, and the loss of one night's rest.

Melancholy Casualty.

On Saturday morning week, in Chester township, Burlington county, New Jersey, a man named William Wilson, was killed by a dog in a most singular and melancholy manner. It seems he had applied to his neighbor, Samuel Ward, for the use of a dog for the purpose of hunting; and, after obtaining him, was on his way from the premises; near the gate way he stopped for the purpose of caressing the animal, in order to get him to follow, at the same time standing with his left hand over the muzzle of his fowling piece, which was loaded and cocked. The dog jumping up, caught his foot against the trigger, discharging the piece, the contents of which passed through his hand, his left jaw and eye, and taking away a portion of his head, caused his death a short time afterwards.

The unfortunate man never spoke after the injury was received. He has left a wife and family to deplore their loss.

The Iron Trade.

A correspondent of the New York Commercial says there were six millions three hundred and ninety seven thousand, three hundred and seventy dollars worth of bar iron alone, imported into the United States during the last year, besides articles of manufactured iron, amounting to one million twelve thousand, three hundred and twelve dollars, making in the aggregate, seven millions, four hundred and nine thousand, seven hundred and eighty-two dollars. Here are between seven and eight millions of dollars exported in one year, to pay for an article, of which we have at home an inexhaustible supply. In our mountains are found inexhaustible bodies of coal, lime, and iron ore, lying in close contiguity, and all that is needed for their development is the fostering aid of government. Companies which are capable of manufacturing iron to the amount of millions annually are already organized.

Escaped.

Scott, the robber, who was recently tried in Baltimore and acquitted, and who was to be delivered to New York, has made his escape. The Baltimore Clipper of Saturday says:—After the verdict of acquittal had been rendered yesterday by the Jury in the case of Scott, the Court, upon information received from the State's Attorney, ordered him again into custody, to be delivered up to the Executive of the State of New York, a requisition having been made upon the Executive of this State for him by New York as a fugitive from justice from that State. Although the annunciation of the Court was sufficiently audible to be heard by most persons in the court-room, yet, singular as it may seem, Scott was permitted to walk out of the room uninterrupted; and, as may readily be conjectured, the instant he got outside of the door he took to his heels.

One of the Victims.

On last week the skeleton of a man was found at Nanticoke Falls in the Township of Townsend, by some persons who were out in the woods hunting. The flesh had disappeared from the bones, yet in defiance of that circumstance, his clothes which were of a good quality, were little or nothing injured. A watch and some money were found on his person, but no writings or other documents that could furnish any clew to his identity.

It is not impossible but the individual in question may have been murdered; but the most probable conjecture is that he was one of the wretched men connected with the mad project that seized the infatuated Dr. Charles Duncombe, in December of 1837; and who after the retreat and capture of the rebels at Oakland fell a victim to the inclemency of a Canadian winter.

The English Mercurie.

This was the name of the first newspaper printed in England, during the time of the Spanish Armada. It was a little, dingy eight by ten sheet, and was issued for the mere purpose of giving notice of the movement of the court. A copy preserved in the British Museum, dated July 23, 1588, contains the following article:—"Yesterday the Scotch Ambassador had a private audience of her majesty, and delivered a letter from the King, his master, containing the most cordial assurances of adhering to her Majesty's interest. And the young King said to her Majesty's minister at his court, that all the favor he expected from the Spaniards, was the courtesy shown by Polyphemus, Ulysses, that *he should be devoured the last!*"

Highly Important from the North Eastern Boundary—Actual Hostilities—Sharp Engagement and Repulse of the British Troops.

We stop the press to announce the following painful intelligence, for the receipt of which we are indebted to Adam's express. Most ardently do we pray that it may prove incorrect; but it comes in a shape scarcely to be questioned, though it may be exaggerated in its details.

Boston Daily Mail Office, }
Dec. 4 12 o'clock, M. }

We have just received the following letter through the Post office. We do not know the writer, and cannot vouch for the truth of his statements. We give it as it comes to us.

A Fight at Fish River Between the American Troops stationed there, and the British.

BANGOR, Dec. 2, 6 o'clock, P. M.

I have just arrived post haste from the United States Barracks at Fish River, where are stationed one company of troops belonging to the first Regiment of U. S. Artillery, under Capt. Kennedy.

This company has been at this fort but a short time, it being a new one, and was taken possession of by the United States troops at the same time the fort called Fort Fairfield was, and it was thought that the small force would prove sufficient for all purposes.

It is my painful duty to inform you of the contrary, and to state that the British are determined to drive our men from what they are pleased to call the disputed territory. The new Lieut. Governor of the Province of New Brunswick has instructions to this effect, and he seems determined to execute them at all hazards.

On the morning of the 27th of November, Captain Kennedy, commanding at Fish River, received a note from an individual calling himself Major Stockburton, of Her Majesty's Royal 68th regiment, ordering him to abandon the post within twenty-four hours, and repair to that part of the country heretofore under the jurisdiction of the United States.

Capt. K. returned an answer refusing peremptorily to leave his post until ordered to do so by the power which placed him there. The British major replied that he should take immediate measures to remove him peaceably, if he could, forcibly if he must.

Accordingly, on the afternoon of the same day, placing himself at the head of a battalion of troops, which were in the town of Madawaska, and recently from the fort at Temiscouta Lake, he proceeded to carry his threat into execution.

When his men were within a few hundred yards of the American encampment they were discovered by the sentinels, and ordered to halt, which refusing to do, the troops were paraded, their muskets loaded with ball cartridges, and they were ordered to remain silent till the intention of the enemy was made known, which was soon done by the discharge of a musket, the ball from which passed through Captain Billings' left hand.

Captain K. then ordered his men to fire, which they did, killing or wounding some half dozen. The British then retreated about one hundred yards, loaded, as is supposed, and again advanced, discharged their muskets without doing any mischief, our men being protected by their log house or fort.

After this discharge they advanced in double quick time, our men reserving their fire until they were within two or three rods of the fort, when they fired upon them, killing and wounding some 20 or 30.

The British scattered in confusion and ran some one way and some another, save one officer who vainly endeavored to rally them, who was shot. They returned from whence they came. Our company lost one man killed, and four wounded, one supposed mortally. This act of British aggression in time of peace calls loud for satisfaction.

The company of troops stationed at Fort Fairfield, or probably at Fish river before this, and Col. Pierce, who commands at Houston, has two companies from that fort. The greatest excitement prevails throughout the Aroostook country, and nothing, it is feared, can now restrain the people in that region from taking signal vengeance upon the enemy.

The news spread like wild fire in Boston—consternation is depicted on every countenance. The affair was so entirely unexpected that one is horror stricken. The government must now take hold in earnest.

Uncle Sam won't see his own troops cut down, and his flag insulted with impunity. I have written this as I came from Bangor to Boston, not stopping long enough to breathe hardly, and almost beat out.

FRIDAY, 3d, 6½ P. M.

Just arrived in Boston. Shall be in New York on the morrow. Would give you some farther particulars—but my horse is at the door, and I must hurry on to Washington. Gov. Kent has called out the 3d division of the militia. Yours, JOSEPH FAIRBANKS.

The State Debt.

As much anxiety is felt by the citizens of Pennsylvania, in relation to the payment of the interest on the State Debt, we append the following explicit letter to the editors of the Ledger, from the office of the Secretary of State, Mr. Petriken, who undoubtedly knows what he is talking about.

HARRISBURG, Dec. 3, 1841.

To the Editor of the Public Ledger:

I have been for a long time a constant reader of your paper, and am in the habit of relying implicitly upon your statements. It is not often you err in judgment or in point of fact; and I have little doubt when you do, it will give you pleasure to be set right.

In your paper of this morning, you observe, in speaking of the decline in the State Stocks, that it is attributable to the growing demonstration that the interest due in January next will *not be paid*—"that there will not be funds in the Treasury, from the source which interested parties have repeatedly declared there would be, to *meet the interest*, is now clear, from the fact that the visit, *a day or two since*, of Gov. Porter to this [Philadelphia] city, it is ascertained was for the purpose of *squeezing* out of [your] insolvent banks a loan," &c.

You were hardly aware, I presume, that Gov. Porter has not been in your city since the 30th of October. Apart from this, however, your deductions are calculated to create unnecessary alarm and distrust, and your censure has been misdirected. It is the duty of the Executive to comply with the injunctions of the Legislature. Gov. Porter has done this, and nothing more, by notifying the Banks that they will be required to loan to the Commonwealth, for and during the unexpired term of their charters, a sum which, together with the amount already loaned, will be equal to five per cent. of their capital stock actually paid in, for the purpose of making good the probable deficiency which the State Treasurer says will arise on the first of February next, in the fund set aside for the payment of interest. The resolution of the Legislature, of the 5th of May last, *requires* the Governor to give this notice, "*if other means should fail.*" Up to the 25th day of November last, the Governor was assured that the interest fund was ample. On that day, however, to his surprise, the State Treasurer notified him that a considerable deficiency would arise. What was his duty under these circumstances? Certainly to carry into effect the requirements of the Legislature. Now I appeal to your candor to say whether, as regards him, you have applied the word "*squeezing*" properly or improperly.

It may be the "*interest* of the banks, which is their great incentive," as with great truth you remark, for the time being, to resist the demand made by the Executive —a demand authorized by law, and the terms of their charters—but, banks, like individuals, I apprehend, can be compelled to yield obedience, and compelled they will be, if they attempt to "triumph over their fears;" in the way you significantly, but, as I think, injudiciously remark and advise.

Governor Porter is made of stern stuff, and he is fully determined to maintain the credit of the State, at all hazards; and, notwithstanding the fears expressed by the Philadelphia press generally, and the decided opinion you hold in particular, the interest on the public debt *will be punctually paid*, on the day it becomes due. Governor Porter, in defiance of any combination that may exist (I hope none does) to thwart him, will, I undertake to say, make good his words, "that happen what may, the integrity and fidelity of the people of Pennsylvania are pledged to make good her contracts with those whose money has constructed her stupendous public improvements, and that pledge so made *shall be scrupulously redeemed.*"

In conclusion, permit me to remark that, it is by no means certain that the banks will be under the necessity of lending a single dollar. If, however, such a contingency should arise, they must comply with the terms of their charters or take the consequences. The Executive will do his duty, and you will agree with me it is the duty of every good citizen to lend his aid in preserving without taint or blemish the credit of the State. We have an Executive who, having "put his hand to the plough will not look back." He will take care that contracts are fulfilled on the part of the State, and he will exact a rigid compliance with the terms and conditions entered into and made by the banks at a time when emergencies had not arisen, but were anticipated.

I am, with great respect, yours, &c.
H. PETRIKEN.

Horrid and Fiend-Like Murder.

The Batesville (Ark.) News gives the following full particulars of a horrid transaction of which we have before received only the outline:

"On Thursday the 21st ult., a most savage, cold blooded and cowardly assassination was perpetrated upon Mr. Nicholas E. Burton, of this place, the particulars of which we shall endeavor to give:

Young Burton had not reached his 18th year, and was the son of Dr. P. P. Burton of this place. On the morning of the 21st he started up Poke Bayou on business. On his return home he fell in with Mr. Bonaparte Aiken, with whom he was riding; and when within some three miles of town was shot down by a concealed assassin! receiving eleven buck shot in his back or back of his head. Allen seeing him fall dead, in the confusion, produced by the suddenness of so unexpected a deed, lost his presence of mind, and put spurs to his horse, never once looking back—had he done so he would have seen the assassin. On the news reaching town many persons repaired to the spot, where they found the noble youth who had left them but a few hours before, full of life and health, cold in the arms of death. This generous youth, whose thousand bright virtues endeared him to his friends, was thus unexpectedly hurried without a moment's warning, into eternity, by the foulest deed that ever we have heard or read of.

The assassin had chosen a spot most admirably suited to his dark and villanous deed. The Bayou sweeps under a bluff, on the edge of which passes the road, with a root of a tree so situated as to prevent a person secreting himself from being seen.

Who did the bloody deed? was no sooner asked than answered—all pointed to Dr. Trent C. Aiken as the perpetrator. And why?—The reasons are these. The murder took place near his house; Dr. Burton and he were engaged in a most bitter controversy, and but a day or two before the murder, had issued a cutting handbill against him. The testimony before the inquest showed that young Burton passed Aikin's in the morning, and soon after his passing, Aikin took his gun and put off in the same direction. He met an individual coming down the Bayou—when this individual reached Aikin's gate a little negro boy came out and asked him if he had met Aikin, and said, "he is after Nick, or Dick Burton."

It is proved that Aiken returned home, and after getting his dinner, took his gun and proceeded down the road in the direction of the spot where the murder was committed; and that some thirty minutes afterwards young Burton passed by on his return. Aikin got back to the house 20 or 30 minutes after the gun was fired. One of Dr. Burton's handbills was found close to the spot, which, in the hurry of flight he must have dropped. On his arrival at the house he despatched a servant after his father-in-law, who was at Col. Miller's, telling him to hurry home—that young Burton had been killed down by the field. It is proved that no one passed up the road from the time of Burton's passing down until after Aikin despatched the servant after his father-in-law. He fled that night.

A reward of $1000 has been offered for him.—We trust he may be apprehended. There can be no question of his guilt, or we should be silent."

Movements in Texas.

Later advices have been received from this republic. Our dates from Houston are to the 20th ult.

Gen. Houston, President elect, was at Austin. Congress was in session at Austin, but little of importance has yet been transacted. A resolution had been reported, instructing the committee on Finance to inquire into the expediency of recalling the Loan Commissioners. Another resolution instructs the same committee to enquire into the expediency of suspending a further issue of promissory notes. A third resolution instructs the Naval Committee to enquire into the expediency of recalling the Texian Navy from the service of Yucatan. A modification of the Tariff, so that the revenue from customs may be collected in par funds, will be among the earliest measures adopted by Congress.

Another measure will be to reduce all the salaries of officers, and fees of office, to "par funds." It is said that the expenses of the civil departments of government, including those of Congress, may be reduced to about $74,300. The offices of Charge d'Affaires and Ministers Plenipotentiary will probably be abolished, and the intercourse with foreign governments will be carried on by consuls or special agents.

A correspondent of the Houston Star says:—"The Santa Fe expedition is exciting so much interest in Congress, and the censures against the President for fitting it out without the authority of Congress, are general and severe. Some investigations are progressing that may elicit some important facts in relation to the amount of expenditures incurred for this unlawful measure. A disposition has been generally manifested by the members to prohibit the payment of any bill or drafts that may be presented for payment on account of the expedition."

The Galveston Gazette thinks that Santa Anna will recommend to Mexico to make a formal tender for the cession of Texas to the United States, under the idea that the measure will be acceptable to all parties, while his own government may thus spare itself the mortification of acknowledging her utter inability to reconquer the territory lost at San Jacinto.

One of the Texian papers denies the statement that the Texian Congress had directed a marble bust of Senator Walker of Miss., and a portrait of Colonel Preston to be placed in the capitol.

The Civilian of the 20th says, we received a letter from Corpus Christi on Wednesday, which says that at the last accounts people were dying of yellow fever at Matamoras at the rate of thirty per day.

All was quiet on the frontier.

Financial Record.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

			Price sold for.
705	shares	Girard Bank,	16¼a17¼
214	do.	Phil. Wil. & Balt. R. R.	29a29½
45	do.	Reading R. R.	28
30	do.	Man. & Mec. Bank,	23
30	do.	Exchange Bank, Pitts.	34
27	do.	United States Bank,	3¾a4
20	do.	Pennsylvania Bank,	190a208
17	do.	Mechanics Bank,	19
16	do.	Chesapeake & Delaware Canal,	10
12	do.	Schuylkill Navigation Co.	45a45½
10	do.	Louisville Bank,	65
5	do.	Philadelphia Bank,	60

New Counterfeits.

Miners' Bank, Pottsville, Pa.—5's, letter F.; some payable to J. Lyon, June 1st, 1841, others J. White, Aug. 1, 1840. Cha. Loeser, Cash. Jno. Shippen, Pres'dt. The general appearance of the note is good, and calculated to deceive, though on a close inspection they can be, without much difficulty, detected. In the word "Pottsville," under the head of Washington, the "P" in the counterfeit is nearly an ⅛ of an inch further from the left margin than in the genuine. So also is the curl of the "a" in "demand," from the letter of the bill "F," which in the counterfeit is placed immediately under the "K," in Schuylkill, instead of between the "L and K." The two T's in Pottsville, before the date, runs upward instead of across on a straight line as in the good note. The signatures are well imitated.—*Bick. Reporter.*

Susquehanna Bank at Port Deposite.—We learn that notes of the above named bank, which failed several years ago, of the denomination of 2 and 3 dollars, have been recently put in circulation in this city. We were shown on Saturday, two notes which had been passed here. One was a $3 note, No. 40, letter A, dated Aug. 24th, 1837, and signed J. Wood, Prest., Stacy A. Paxson, Cash.; the other a $2 note, letter A, No. 122, dated Aug. 28th, 1837, the *same signatures*. We would caution the public against receiving the notes of the above institution, it having, we believe, failed several times, and we are not aware that its notes have ever been redeemed. We are at a loss to know how the notes, dated more than four years ago, have been put in circulation at this time, as we have not heard of this Institution having commenced business again. Don't touch them.—*Amer. Sent.*

CHARGE OF EMBEZZLEMENT.—A merchant in New York, named James Andrews, was arrested on Friday last, in that city, on a charge of having embezzled a package of $950, which had been delivered to him last February, to be desposited in the American Exchange Bank of that city. Mr. G. M. Shaw, cashier of the Delaware Bank, at Delhi, handed to Mr. J. B. Fry, whom he knew, the package containing $950, to be delivered to the Bank. When Mr. Fry arrived in New York the Bank was closed for the day, and being acquainted with Mr. Andrews, he took the package to the store and requested him to deposit it in the American Exchange Bank, which he promised to do, Mr. Fry proceeding to Washington. The package not coming to hand, Mr. Fry was written to, came on, and made affidavit of the facts, supporting it in part by the affidavit of Charles H. Pine, former clerk of Mr. Andrews. He denies even receiving the package, and was held to bail in $4000 to answer the charge.

MISSISSIPPI BONDS.—Gov. McNutt says, in a letter to the editor of the Richmond Enquirer: "A demand will probably be made on the Government of the United States for the payment of the bonds referred to. This will raise an exciting and perplexing question. This State has defined her position and will maintain it, be the consequences what they may. *I firmly believe that four-fifths of the people of this State* PREFER GOING TO WAR TO PAYING THE BONDS."

FRENCH COINAGE.—It is computed that 433,240 pounds of metal are annually converted into coin, producing forty-eight millions of francs, five millions being in gold and forty-three millions in silver. It is stated that there are fifty millions of francs in copper money in circulation, and that the whole mass of metal weighs 22,320,000.

City News.

PLATES FOR COUNTERFEITS.—Police officers Haslet and Smith, of the Northern Liberties, have within a short time past, obtained the copper plate from which the well executed Counterfeit notes of the denomination of ten dollars on the West Branch Bank were struck. These notes were extensively put into circulation about two months since, by six or eight persons, most of whom the officers arrested. They also secured the steel plate from which the counterfeit fives of the Salem Banking Company were struck. This they obtained on the west side of the Schuylkill, near Montgomery county, during the last week. These two officers have been indefatigable in their efforts to secure the plates, and it is highly gratifying to know that they have been so successful.

COUSIN-AR OUT OF HIS WATCH.—A countryman named Holmes, had a young female cousin of his, who resides in the city, brought before the Mayor on Saturday last, to answer the charge of stealing from him his gold watch and chain. It appeared that he had permitted his fair relation to take his watch and chain off his neck, and that she had pawned the same without his leave for twelve dollars. His Honor the Mayor very correctly decided that, under such circumstances, a charge of larceny could not be sustained, and of course discharged the defendant.

SCHUYLKILL COAL TRADE CLOSED.—The Pottsville Emporium states that the shipments of coal have closed for the season, and the canal is sealed with ice. The amount of coal shipped from that region is given as follows:—

Pottsville, 6283 boats, carrying		335,050 tons.
S. Haven, 3975 boats, carrying		210,082 tons.
Total,	10,258	545,132 tons.

FORT MIFFLIN.—The troops ordered to garrison this station have arrived and taken up their quarters, also the officers and their families. There are about seventy men in the fort, rank, file, staff and auxiliaries, and the place looks now as it was wont in former times. It will doubtless be a great place of resort the coming summer.

Political Intelligence.

MISSISSIPPI—*Final Result.*—Returns from all the counties in the state, either official or reported, have been received, and they stand as follows for the Democratic ticket:—

Tucker, (Governor)	1,500 maj.
Gwin, (Congress)	1,700
Thompson, do.	1,700
Freeman,	3,100
Saunders,	3,200
Graves,	2,000

Lewis G. Galloway, (Whig) elected Secretary of State over his Democratic competitors, Messrs. Woodward and Williams.

VIRGINIA ELECTION.—The Richmond Enquirer gives the following as the result of the election in the 11th Congressional district of Virginia:—Smith (dem.) 854, Banks (dem.) 534, Slaughter (whig) 589. Smith's majority 267. Rappahannock not heard from—will not alter the result.

HON. JOSEPH R. INGERSOLL, Representative in Congress from this city, we regret to learn, is seriously indisposed. Of course he will not be able to occupy his seat at Washington for some days.

THE LEGISLATURE OF NEW BRUNSWICK has passed a law rendering it necessary to have flour and meal imported into the towns of Stephen, St. Andrews, and St. George, inspected.

New Publications.

ARCTURUS, A JOURNAL OF BOOKS AND OPINIONS—*XIII.—December, 1841.—Drew & Scammell, Agents in Phila.*—This spirited monthly has passed into the hands of Geo. L. Curry & Co. of New York, and comes to us, at the opening of the volume, fresh as a bank of violets on a May morning. A thorough reformation has been carried on in the appearance of typography of the work; and the style in which it is got up is unsurpassed by that of any cotemporary. It now has a jaunty slashing, neck-or-nothing look, in exact keeping with the raciness and independence of its articles. The very bison face on the cover is in character with the pages: it seems to say that, if it can do nothing else, it will stare you out of countenance. A very knowing look has Arcturus—if that buffalo face is his—and many a poor subscriber, if we may judge from the eyes, will be *mesmerised* into sympathy with his opinions, feelings, and "a that." But let us look into his contents.

Ah! Arcturus has had a supper—and thereunto were invited the New York press. By the beard of our great ancestor Woden why did not Arcturus give us an inkling of his good things, for though we like his spicy articles well enough, we should like his edibles—egad!—much better! *For that said forgetfulness* we will remember him yet—meantime let us pass on to "Wakondah," a poem. Better poems have been written, and damned too; but yet "Wakondah" will do. Read it, while we hurry on over "Winter Lectures Expounded," to the "Sonnets of Keats." This is a good article, one written by a man of taste, and full of true appreciation of pure poetry. Keats has been shamefully abused; but a better day is dawning, and we shall yet live to see the hour when his Sonnets will be ranked, not perhaps as stars of the first magnitude, like Milton's or Shakespeare's, but as lesser though still brilliant constellations, and destined to shine forever, bright, glorious, undimmed, far up in the blue ether.

And now—with a hop, skip and jump—let us away to Johannes Secundus. We have often wondered why no one wrote a Magazine article on the Basia—why! when we were a boy we used to devour it by the hour. We could discourse of it 'till night, were not this scathing review of "Lester's Glory and Shame of England," waiting for a word. Who wrote that article, Arcturus, eh? But whoever he is, he holds a bitter, pointed, epigrammatic pen—one not all insensible to human kindness either—one that will make itself known far and near for its biting reviews. Saving a somewhat flashy air, which struts now and then through this article, we can find no fault with the review of Lester. The article on Bishop Hughes is equally well written. We would tell Arcturus that, with such a writer, he can "ruffle among the best of them."

We have only a word to say of Blind Bartemius, and that is, that the mingling of Greek with English, reminds us of Byron's "Maid of Athens"—or the pie-bald doggrell of mixed English and Latin, at which the class used to go into convulsions of laughter at college.

And now, we are fairly out of breath talking about Arcturus. He is a right clever fellow, and we give him our hand, wishing him a long life, a good list, and plenty of good suppers. But

"When next the lion walks abroad
May we be there to see."

THE MERCHANT'S MAGAZINE, *for December*, closes the volume for the current year. The articles are as usual—full of valuable information, but deficient in style. The leading paper of the number is entitled "Morocco, and its facilities for American Commercial Enterprise." then follows an article on the commercial relations of the United States—then a paper on the British corn laws—while several other articles, on different subjects, finish the number. The reviews of new books are, in some instances, feeble and even nonsensical—what, for instance, does the critic mean, when in noticing Bolingbroke's works, he says "They are prefaced by an exquisite engraving of Lord Bolingbroke, *whose beautiful countenance denoted his character?*" If this is irony it is wretched stuff—if it is intended seriously, the writer is a nincompoop.

The January number will open the sixth volume of this Magazine. We have only a word to say in connexion therewith, to the proprietor, and that is, that he should procure some good stylist for an editor. Our grey goose quill for it, he will, if he adopts our hint, double his subscription list next year. *Drew & Scammell, agents.*

THE CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS OF HENRY LORD BROUGHAM, TO WHICH IS PREFIXED A SKETCH OF HIS CHARACTER—*Two volumes—Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.*—It is needless to speak of Henry Brougham. With his vast powers, not less than with his great efforts and deeds all men are acquainted. The volumes before us include a series of his essays published anonymously in the Edinburg Review. This journal was commenced in 1802, since which period Lord Brougham has continuously contributed to its pages. Of course we have, now, only a *selection* from his numerous articles. This selection, however, is well executed. Where merit so obviously pervaded all, variety was to be chiefly consulted. We notice, especially, the celebrated preliminary discourse "On the Objects, Pleasures and Advantages of Science," which prefaced the Library of Useful Knowledge. This discourse was not only circulated to the extent of hundreds of thousands of Copies in England, but translated into every dialect of Europe. The publication, upon the whole, is one for which we are much indebted to Messrs. Lea & Blanchard.

FIRST BOOK OF NATURAL HISTORY, PREPARED FOR THE USE OF SCHOLARS AND COLLEGES.—*By W. S. W. Ruschenberger, M. D. Surgeon in the U. S. Navy, &c. From the text of Milne Edwards and Achille Comte, Professors of Natural History in the Colleges of Henri IV. and Charlemagne. With Plates. Turner & Fisher, Philadelphia.*—This little work is a translation from the text of two very justly celebrated teachers of Paris—men who have done much in the way of smoothing the path of the young to knowledge by the luminous arrangement and classification for which they are distinguished. The volume, as translated, has received the highest testimonials, and, as we have every reason to believe, deserves them. Dr. Ruschenberger is the well-known author of "a Voyage Round the World."

THE AMATEUR MUSICAL LIBRARY, *McMichael and Godey 101 Chesnut street.*—Here is a very cheap work indeed for the lovers of music,—a volume of 200 pages containing a large amount of rare and fashionable music, printed on stout white paper, and well bound at the low rate of $2,50. The work is edited by Charles Jarvis, Esq. a gentleman fully competent to perform the task. His effort he says has been to collect the more fashionable and popular airs, Songs, Marches, Opera pieces, etc. rather than more difficult or abstract pieces. If nothing but the cheapness of the work were taken into account it must command a wide sale, we should think. The same amount of music in the usual form and style, we are informed, would cost over $20,00.

STURMER, A TALE OF MESMERISM, AND OTHER COMPOSITIONS—*By Isabella Romer. Two volumes—Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.*—"Sturmer" is a well written fiction, "founded upon fact," and so contrived as greatly to shake the unbelief of the skeptical in matters appertaining to the mesmeric science. At present it is a seasonable work. The other tales in the volumes are equally well written, and interesting. The story of a Mother and Daughter will prove especially attractive to our lady readers,—to whom we cordially recommend it.

Epes Sargeant, Esq. is engaged in writing a tragedy for Mr. Forrest. The success of the recent effort of Judge Conrad has perhaps induced Mr. Sargeant to turn his pen in the same channel. We understand that Mr. Forrest pays liberally.

Returning the Compliment.

The young ladies of Lancaster, Erie county, recently, agreed among themselves that they would receive the addresses of no young man, who was not connected with a Total Abstinence Society. The gentlemen have in return held a meeting to abolish Corsets, and resolved to address no lady, who is silly enough to wear them. The Inquirer in remarking upon the meeting, says: "The system of Corset wearing, was denounced as adverse to nature and the design of our Creator, as calculated to impair the intellect and produce disease, as suicidal—introduced by the ignorant and followed by the vain—and the unerring forerunner of pulmonary complaints. A resolution was also adopted, calling upon parents of all classes of the community, to aid in banishing those implements of torture, the husk and the lace-string, and in transmitting to posterity the blessing of unimpaired health, the basis of all terrestial happiness. A sensible movement this—and yet one, we fear, which will excite very little attention. Fashion is worshipped by thousands in this country, who utterly neglect their duty to the Deity. To look fine when attending a place of worship, to be dressed according to the latest *mode*, appears to be the summit of their ambition. Corsets form part of the system, and though life be perilled every hour that they are worn, still the simple dictates of the vanities of dress, prefer slow suicide to the violation of any rule of their tyrannical arbitress. Their doctrine seems to be—how do I look?—and, what will Mrs. So-and-so say?—and not what is most advisable for health, and in conformity with the requirements of nature and christianity. But it is in vain to write upon this subject. Even the hundreds of fair beings who will read this hasty paragraph, will disregard it, while they know at the same time, that the corsets which they wear are calculated to impair their health and strength, and to shorten their lives.

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We present the Message of the President of the United States to our readers without comment, as we are anxious to lay it before them *in advance of the other weekly papers*. It was delivered at Washington on Tuesday at noon, was run through to Philadelphia by express, and we received our copy by six o'clock in the evening, and on Wednesday morning at day-light it is on the way to subscribers. That is the way to do it.

The Secretary of the Treasury's Report, will be looked for with interest as it will embody the views of the present cabinet in relation to financial matters. Our readers may expect it *in full*, next week. The great size of our paper, enables us to give public documents in detail without infringing on the looked for variety. Our Congressional news this winter will be more ample than any other weekly newspaper.

MESSAGE OF JOHN TYLER,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States:

In coming together fellow-citizens, to enter again upon the discharge of the duties with which the People have charged us, severally, we find great occasion to rejoice in the general prosperity of the country. We are in the enjoyment of all the blessings of civil and religious liberty, with unexampled means of education, knowledge, and improvement. Through the year which is now drawing to a close, peace has been in our borders, and plenty in our habitations; and although disease has visited some few portions of the land with distress and mortality, yet in general the health of the People has been preserved, and we are all called upon, by the highest obligations of duty, to renew our thanks and our devotion to our Heavenly Parent, who has continued to vouchsafe to us the eminent blessings which surround us, and who has so signally crowned the year with his goodness. If we find ourselves increasing, beyond example, in numbers, in strength, in wealth, in knowledge, in every thing which promotes human and social happiness, let us remember our dependence, for all these, on the protection and merciful dispensations of Divine Providence.

Since your last adjournment, Alexander McLeod, a British subject, who was indicted for the murder of an American citizen, and whose case has been the subject of a correspondence heretofore communicated to you, has been acquitted by the verdict of an impartial and intelligent jury, and has, under the judgment of the Court, been regularly discharged.

Great Britain having made known to this Government that the expedition which was fitted out from Canada for the destruction of the steamboat Caroline, in the winter of 1837, and which resulted in the destruction of said boat, and in the death of an American citizen was undertaken by orders emanating from the authorities of the British Government, in Canada, and demanding the discharge of McLeod on the ground that, if engaged in that expedition, he did but fulfil the orders of his Government, has thus been answered in the only way in which she could be answered by a Government, the powers of which are distributed among its several departments by the fundamental law. Happily for the people of Great Britain, as well as those of the United States, the only mode by which an individual, arraigned for a criminal offence, before the Courts of either, can obtain his discharge, is by the independent action of the judiciary, and by proceedings equally familiar to the Courts of both countries.

If in Great Britain a power exists in the Crown to cause to be entered a *nolle prosequi*, which is not the case with the Executive power of the United States upon a prosecution pending in a State Court; yet *there*, no more than *here*, can the Chief Executive power rescue a prisoner from custody without an order of the proper tribunal directing his discharge. The precise stage of the proceedings at which such order may be made, is a matter of municipal regulation exclusively, and not to be complained of by any other Government. In cases of this kind, a Government becomes politically responsible only, when its tribunals of last resort are shown to have rendered unjust and injurious judgments in matters not doubtful. To the establishment and elucidation of this principle, no nation has lent its authority more efficiently than Great Britain. Alexander McLeod having his option either to prosecute a writ of error from the decision of the Supreme Court of New York, which had been rendered upon his application for a discharge, to the Supreme Court of the United States, or submit his case to the decision of a jury, preferred the latter, deeming it the readiest mode of obtaining his liberation, and the result has fully sustained the wisdom of his choice. The manner in which the issue submitted was tried, will satisfy the English Government that the principles of justice will never fail to govern the enlightened decision of an American tribunal. I cannot fail, however, to suggest to Congress the propriety, and, in some degree, the necessity, of making such provisions by law, so far as they may constitutionally do so, for the removal at their commencement, and at the option of the party, of all such cases as may hereafter arise, and which may involve the faithful observance and execution of our international obligations, from the State to the Federal Judiciary. This Government, by our institutions, is charged with the maintenance of peace and the preservation of amicable relations with the nations of the earth, and ought to possess, without question, all the reasonable and proper means of maintaining the one and preserving the other. Whilst just confidence is felt in the Judiciary of the States, yet this Government ought to be competent in itself for the fulfilment of the high duties which have been devolved upon it under the organic law by the States themselves.

In the month of September, a party of armed men from upper Canada invaded the territory of the United States, and forcibly seized upon the person of one Grogan, and, under circumstances of great harshness, hurriedly carried him beyond the limits of the United States, and delivered him up to the authorities of Upper Canada. His immediate discharge was ordered by those authorities, upon the facts of the case being brought to their knowledge—a course of procedure which was to have been expected from a nation with whom we are at peace, and which was not more due to the rights of the United States, than to its own regard for justice. The correspondence which passed between the Department of State, and the British Envoy, Mr. Fox, and with the Governor of Vermont, and soon as the facts had been made known to this Department, are herewith communicated.

I regret that it is not in my power to make known to you an equally satisfactory conclusion in the case of the Caroline steamer, with the circumstances connected with the destruction of which, in December, 1837, by an armed force fitted out in the Province of Upper Canada, you are already made acquainted. No such atonement as was due for the public wrong done to the United States by this invasion of her territory, so wholly irreconcilable with her rights as an independent power, has yet been made. In the view taken by this Government, the inquiry whether the vessel was in the employment of those who were prosecuting an unauthorized war against that Province, or was engaged by the owner in the business of transporting passengers to and from Navy Island in hopes of private gain, which was most probably the case, in no degree alters the real question at issue between the two governments. This Government never can concede to any foreign Government the power, except in a case of the most urgent and extreme necessity, of invading its territory, either to arrest the person or destroy the property of those who may have violated the municipal laws of such foreign Government, or have disregarded their obligations arising under the law of nations. The territory of the United States must be regarded as sacredly secure against all such invasions, until they shall voluntarily acknowledge their inability to acquit themselves of their duties to others. And in announcing this sentiment, I do but affirm a principle which no nation on earth would be more ready to vindicate, at all hazards, than the people and Government of Great Britain.

If, upon a full investigation of all the facts, it shall appear that the owner of the Caroline was governed by a hostile intent, or had made common cause with those who were in the occupancy of Navy Island, then, so far as he is concerned, there can be no claim to indemnity for the destruction of his boat, which this Government would feel itself bound to prosecute—since he would have acted not only in derogation of the rights of Great Britain, but in clear violation of the laws of the United States; but that is a question which, however settled, in no manner involves the higher consideration of the violation of territorial sovereignty and jurisdiction. To recognise it as an admissible practice that each government, in its turn, upon any sudden and unauthorized out-break, which, on a frontier, the extent of which renders it impossible for either to have an efficient force on every mile of it, and which out-break, therefore, neither may be able to suppress in a day, may take vengeance into its own hands, and without even a remonstrance, and in the absence of any pressing or overruling necessity, may invade the territory of the other, would inevitably lead to results equally to be deplored by both. When border collisions come to receive the sanction, or to be made on the authority of either Government, general war must be the inevitable result. While it is the ardent desire of the United States to cultivate the relations of peace with all nations, and to fulfil all the duties of good neighborhood toward those who possess territories adjoining their own, that very desire would lead them to deny the right of any foreign power to invade their boundary with an armed force. The correspondence between the two Governments on this subject, will, at a future day of your session, be submitted to your consideration; and in the mean time, I cannot but indulge the hope that the British Government will see the propriety of renouncing, as a rule of future action, the precedent which has been set in the affair at Schlosser.

I herewith submit the correspondence which has recently taken place between the American Minister at the Court of St. James, Mr. Stevenson, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs of that Government, on the right claimed by that Government to visit and detain vessels sailing under the American flag and engaged in prosecuting lawful commerce in the African seas. Our commercial interests in that region have experienced considerable increase, and have become an object of much importance, and it is the duty of this Government to protect them against all improper and vexatious interruption. However desirous the United States may be for the suppression of the slave trade, they cannot consent to interpolations into the maritime code, at the mere will and pleasure of other governments. We deny the right of any such interpolation to any one, or all the nations of the Earth, without our consent. We claim to have a voice in all amendments or alterations of that code—and when we are given to understand, as in this instance, by a foreign Government, that its treaties with other nations cannot be executed without the establishment and enforcement of new principles of maritime police, to be applied without our consent, we must employ a language neither of equivocal import, or susceptible of misconstruction. American citizens prosecuting a lawful commerce in the African seas, under the flag of their country, are not responsible for the abuse or unlawful use of that flag by others; nor can they rightfully on account of any such alleged abuses, be interrupted, molested or detained while on the ocean; and if thus molested and detained, while pursuing honest voyages, in the usual way, and violating no law themselves, they are unquestionably entitled to indemnity.

This government has manifested its repugnance to the slave trade, in a manner which cannot be misunderstood. By its fundamental law, it prescribed limits in point of time to its continuance; and against its own citizens, who might so far forget the rights of humanity as to engage in that wicked traffic, it has long since, by its municipal laws, denounced the most condign punishment. Many of the States composing this Union, had made appeals to the civilized world for its suppression, long before the moral sense of other nations had become shocked by the iniquities of the traffic. Whether this government should now enter into treaties containing mutual stipulations upon this subject, is a question for its mature deliberation. Certain it is, that if the right to detain American ships on the high seas can be justified on the plea of a necessity for such detention, arising out of the existence of treaties between other nations, the same plea may be extended and enlarged by the new stipulations of new treaties, to which the United States may not be a party. This Government will not cease to urge upon that of Great Britain, full and ample remuneration for all losses, whether arising from detention or otherwise, to which American citizens have heretofore been, or may hereafter be subjected, by the exercise of rights which this Government cannot recognise as legitimate and proper. Nor will I indulge a doubt but that the sense of justice of Great Britain will constrain her to make retribution for any wrong, or loss, which any American citizen, engaged in the prosecution of lawful commerce, may have experienced at the hand of her cruisers, or other public authorities. This government, at the same time, will relax no effort to prevent its citizens, if there be any so disposed, from prosecuting a traffic so revolting to the feelings of humanity. It seeks to do no more than to protect the fair and honest trader from molestation and injury; but while the enterprising mariner, engaged in the pursuit of an honorable trade, is entitled to its protection, it will visit with condign punishment, others of an opposite character.

I invite your attention to existing laws for the suppression of the African slave-trade, and recommend all such alterations, as may give to them greater force and efficacy. That the American flag is grossly abused by the abandoned and profligate of other nations, is but too probable. Congress has, not long since, had this subject under its consideration, and its importance well justifies renewed and anxious attention.

I also communicate herewith the copy of a correspondence between Mr. Stevenson and Lord Palmerston, upon the subject so interesting to several of the Southern States, of the rice duties, which resulted honorably to the justice of Great Britain, and advantageously to the United States.

At the opening of the last annual session, the President informed Congress of the progress which had then been made in negotiating a convention between this Government and that of England, with a view to the final settlement of the question of the boundary between the territorial limits of the two countries. I regret to say, that little further advancement of the object has been accomplished since last year; but this is owing to circumstances no way indicative of any abatement of the desire of both parties to hasten the negotiation to its conclusion, and to settle the question in dispute, as early as possible. In the course of the session, it is my hope to be able to announce some further degree of progress, towards the accomplishment of this highly desirable end.

The commission appointed by this Government for the exploration and survey of the line of boundary separating the States of Maine and New Hampshire from the conterminous British Provinces is, it is believed, about to close its field labors, and is expected soon to report the results of its examinations to the Department of State. The report, when received, will be laid before Congress.

The failure on the part of Spain to pay, with punctuality, the interest due under the Convention of 1834, for the settlement of claims between the two countries, has made it the duty of the Executive to call the particular attention of that Government to the subject. A disposition has been manifested by it, which is believed to be entirely sincere, to fulfil its obligations, in this respect, so soon as its internal condition and the state of its finances will permit.—An arrangement is in progress, from the result of which, it is trusted that those of our citizens who have claims under the Convention, will, at no distant day, receive the stipulated payments.

A Treaty of Commerce and Navigation with Belgium was concluded and signed at Washington on the 29th March, 1840, and was duly sanctioned by the Senate of the United States. The Treaty was ratified by His Belgian Majesty, but did not receive the approbation of the Belgian Chambers within the time limited by its terms, and has, therefore, become void.

This occurrence assumes the graver aspect from the consideration that, in 1833, a Treaty negotiated between the two Governments, and ratified on the part of the United States, failed to be ratified on the part of Belgium. The Representative of that Government, at Washington, informs the Department of State that he has been instructed to give explanations of the causes which occasioned delay in the approval of the late Treaty by the Legislature, and to express the regret of the King at the occurrence.

The joint commission under the Convention with Texas, to ascertain the true boundary between the two countries, has concluded its labors; but the final report of the commissioner of the United States has not been received. It is understood, however, that the meridian line, as traced by the commission, lies somewhat farther East than the position hitherto generally assigned to it, and, consequently, includes in Texas some part of the territory which had been considered as belonging to the States of Louisiana and Arkansas.

The United States cannot but take a deep interest in whatever relates to this young, but growing Republic. Settled principally by emigrants from the United States, we have the happiness to know, that the great principles of civil liberty are there destined to flourish, under wise institutions and wholesome laws; and that, through its example, another evidence is to be afforded of the capacity of popular institutions, to advance the prosperity, happiness, and permanent glory of the human race. The great truth, that government was made for the people, and not the people for government, has already been established in the practice and by the example of these United States; and we can do no other than contemplate its farther exemplification by a sister Republic, with the deepest interest.

Our relations with the independent States of this hemisphere, formerly under the dominion of Spain, have not undergone any material change within the past year. The incessant sanguinary conflicts in, or between those countries, are to be greatly deplored, as necessarily tending to disable them from performing their duties as members of the community of nations, and rising to the destiny which the position and natural resources of many of them might lead them justly to anticipate, as constantly giving occasion, also, directly or indirectly, for complaints on the part of our citizens who resort thither for purposes of commercial intercourse, and as retarding reparation for wrongs already committed, some of which are by no means of recent date.

The failure of the Congress of Ecuador to hold a session, at the time appointed for that purpose, in January last, will probably render abortive a treaty of commerce with that Republic, which was signed at Quito on the 13th of June, 1839, and had been duly ratified on our part, but which required the approbation of that body, prior to its ratification by the Ecuadorian Executive.

A Convention which has been concluded with the Republic of Peru, providing for the settlement of certain claims of citizens of the United States, upon the Government of that Republic, will be duly submitted to the Senate.

The claims of our citizens against the Brazilian government, originating from captures, and other causes, are still unsatisfied. The United States have, however, so uniformly shown a disposition to cultivate relations of amity with that Empire, that it is hoped, the unequivocal tokens of the same spirit towards us, which an adjustment of the affairs referred to would afford, will be given without further avoidable delay.

The war with the Indian tribes on the peninsula of Florida has, during the last summer and fall, been prosecuted with untiring activity and zeal. A summer campaign was resolved upon, as the best mode of bringing it to a close. Our brave officers and men who have been engaged in that service, have suffered toils and privations, and exhibited an energy, which, in any other war, would have won for them unfading laurels. In despite of the sickness incident to the climate, they have penetrated the fastnesses of the Indians, broken up their encampments, and harrassed them unceasingly. Numbers have been captured, and still greater numbers have surrendered, and have been transported to join their brethren on the lands elsewhere allotted to them by the Government,—and a strong hope is entertained that, under the conduct of the gallant officer at the head of the troops in Florida, that troublesome and expensive war is destined to a speedy termination. With all the other Indian tribes, we are enjoying the blessings of peace. Our duty, as well as our best interests, prompt us to observe, in all our intercourse with them, fidelity in fulfilling our engagements, the practice of strict justice, as well as the constant exercise of acts of benevolence and kindness. These are the great instruments of civilization, and through the use of them alone, can the tutored child of the forest be induced to listen to its teachings.

The Secretary of State, on whom the acts of Congress have devolved the duty of directing the proceedings for the taking of the Sixth Census, or enumeration of the inhabitants of the United States will report to the two Houses the progress of that work. The enumeration of persons has been completed, and exhibits a grand total of 17,069,453; making an increase over the Census of 1830, of 4,202,646 inhabitants, and showing a gain in a ratio exceeding 32½ per cent. for the last ten years.

From the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, you will be informed of the condition of the finances. The balance in the Treasury on the 1st of January last, as stated in the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, submitted to Congress at the Extra Session, was $987,345 03. The receipts into the Treasury, during the first three quarters of this year, from all sources, amount to $22,467,072 52. The estimated receipts for the fourth quarter, amount to $6,943,095 25, amounting to $30,410,167 77; and making, with the balance in the Treasury on the first of January last, $31,397,512 80. The expenditure for the first three quarters of this year, amount to $24,734,346 97. The expenditures for the fourth quarter, as estimated, will amount to $7,290,723 73;—thus making a total of $32,025,070 70; and leaving a deficit to be provided for, on the first of January next, of about $627,557 90.

Of the loan of $12,000,000, which was authorized by Congress at its late session, only $5,432,726 88 have been negotiated. The shortness of time which it had to run, has presented no inconsiderable impediment in the way of its being taken by capitalists at home, while the same cause would have operated with much greater force in the foreign market. For that reason the foreign market has not been resorted to; and it is now submitted, whether it would not be advisable to amend the law by making what remains undisposed of, payable at a more distant day.

Should it be necessary, in any view that Congress may take of the subject, to revise the existing tariff of duties, I beg leave to say, that, in the performance of that most delicate operation, moderate counsels would seem to be the wisest. The Government, under which it is our happiness to live, owes its existence to the spirit of compromise which prevailed among its framers—jarring and discordant opinions could only have been reconciled by that noble spirit of patriotism, which prompted conciliation, and resulted in harmony. In the same spirit the compromise bill, as it is commonly called, was adopted at the session of 1833. While the people of no portion of the Union will ever hesitate to pay all necessary taxes for the support of Government, yet an innate repugnance exists, to the imposition of burthens not really necessary for that object. In imposing duties, however, for the purposes of revenue, a right to discriminate as to the articles on which the duty shall be laid, as well as the amount, necessarily and most properly exists. Otherwise the Government would be placed in the condition of having to levy the same duties upon all articles, the productive, as well as the unproductive. The slightest duty upon some, might have the effect of causing their importation to cease, whereas others entering extensively in the consumption of the country, might bear the heaviest, without any sensible diminution in the amount imported. So also the Government may be justified in so discriminating, by reference to other considerations of domestic policy connected with our manufactures. So long as the duties shall be laid with distinct reference to the wants of the Treasury, no well founded objection can exist against them.

It might be esteemed desirable that no such augmentation of the taxes should take place as would have the effect of annulling the land proceeds distribution act of the last session, which act is declared to be inoperative the moment the duties are increased beyond 20 per cent., the maximum rate established by the Compromise act. Some of the provisions of the Compromise act, which will go into effect on the 30th day of June next, may, however, be found exceedingly inconvenient in practice, under any regulations that Congress may adopt. I refer more particularly to that relating to the home valuation. A difference in value of the same articles to some extent, will, necessarily, exist at different ports—but that is altogether insignificant, when compared with the conflicts in valuation, which are likely to arise, from the differences of opinion among numerous appraisers of merchandize. In many instances the estimates of value must be conjectural, and thus as many different rates of value may be established as there are appraisers. These differences in valuation may also be increased by the inclination, which, without the slightest imputation on their honesty, may arise on the part of the appraisers in favor of their respective ports of entry. I recommend this whole subject to the consideration of Congress, with a single additional remark. Certainty and permanency in any system of governmental policy are, in all respects, eminently desirable; but more particularly is this true in all that affects trade and commerce, the operations of which depend much more on the certainty of their returns, and calculations which embrace distant periods of time, than on high bounties, or duties, which are liable to constant fluctuations.

At your late session, I invited your attention to the condition of the currency and the exchanges, and urged the necessity of adopting such measures as were consistent with the constitutional competency of the Government, in order to correct the unsoundness of the one, and as far as practicable the inequalities of the other. No country can be in the enjoyment of its full measure of prosperity, without the presence of a medium of exchange, approximating to uniformity of value. What is necessary as between the different nations of the earth, is also important as between the inhabitants of different parts of the same country; with the first the precious metals constitute the chief medium of circulation, and such also would be the case as to the last, but for inventions comparatively modern, which have furnished, in place of gold and silver, a paper circulation. I do not propose to enter into a comparative analysis of the merits of the two systems. Such belonged more properly to the period of the introduction of the paper system. The speculative philosopher might find inducements to prosecute the inquiry, but his researches could only lead him to conclude, that the paper system had probably better never have been introduced, and that society might have been much happier without it. The practical statesman has a very different task to perform. He has to look at things as they are—to take them as he finds them—to supply deficiencies, and to prune excesses as far as in him lies. The task of furnishing a corrective for derangements of the paper medium with us, is almost inexpressibly great. The power exerted by the States to charter banking corporations, and which, having been carried to a great excess, has filled the country with, in most of the States, an irredeemable paper medium, is an evil which, in some way or other, requires a corrective.

The rates at which bills of exchange are negotiated between different parts of the country, furnish an index of the value of the local substitute for gold and silver, which is, in many parts, so far depreciated, as not to be received, except at a large discount, in payment of debts, or in the purchase of produce. It could earnestly be desired that every bank, not possessing the means of resumption, should follow the example of the late United States Bank of Pennsylvania, and go into liquidation, rather than by refusing to do so to continue embarrassments in the way of solvent institutions, thereby augmenting the difficulties incident to the present condition of things. Whether this Government, with the due regard to the rights of the States, has any power to constrain the banks, either to resume specie payments, or to force them into liquidation, is an inquiry which will not fail to claim your consideration. In view of the great advantages which are allowed the corporators, not among the least of which is the authority contained in most of their charters, to make loans to three times the amount of their capital, thereby often deriving three times as much interest on the same amount of money as any individual is permitted by law to receive, no sufficient apology can be urged for a long continued suspension of specie payments.—Such suspension is productive of the greatest detriment to the public, by expelling from circulation the precious metals, and seriously hazarding the success of any effort this Government can make, to increase commercial facilities, and to advance the public interests.

This is the more to be regretted, and the indispensable necessity for a sound currency becomes the more manifest, when we reflect on the vast amount of the internal commerce of the country. Of this we have no statistics, nor just data for forming adequate opinions. But there can be no doubt, but that the amount of transportation coastwise, by sea, and the transportation inland by railroads and canals, and by steamboats and other modes of conveyance, over the surface of our vast rivers and immense lakes, and the value of property carried and interchanged by those means, form a general aggregate, to which the foreign commerce of the country, large as it is, makes but a distant approach.

In the absence of any controlling power over this subject, which by forcing a general resumption of specie payments would at once have the effect of restoring a sound medium of exchange, and would leave to the country but little to desire, what measure of relief, falling within the limits of our constitutional competency, does it become this Government to adopt? It was my painful duty at your last session, under the weight of most solemn obligations, to differ with Congress on the measures which it proposed for my approval, and which it doubtless regarded as corrective of existing evils. Subsequent reflection, and events since occurring, have only served to confirm me in the opinions then entertained, and frankly expressed.

I must be permitted to add, that no scheme of government policy, unaided by individual exertions, can be available for ameliorating the present condition of things. Commercial modes of exchange and a good currency, are but the necessary means of commerce and intercourse, not the direct productive sources of wealth. Wealth can only be accumulated by the earnings of industry and the savings of frugality; and nothing can be more ill-judged than to look to facilities in borrowing, or to a redundant circulation, for the power of discharging pecuniary obligations. The country is full of resources, and the people full of energy, and the great and permanent remedy for present embarrassments must be sought in industry, economy, the observance of good faith, and the favorable influence of time.

In pursuance of a pledge given to you in my last message to Congress, which pledge I urge as an apology for adventuring to present you the details of any plan, the Secretary of the Treasury will be ready to submit to you, should you require it, a plan of finance which, while it throws around the public treasure reasonable guards for its protection, and rests on powers acknowledged in practice to exist from the origin of the Government, will, at the same time, furnish to the country a sound paper medium, and afford all reasonable facilities for regulating the Exchanges. When submitted, you will perceive in it a plan amendatory of the existing laws in relation to the Treasury Department—subordinate in all respects to the will of Congress directly, and the will of the people indirectly—self-sustaining, should it be found in practice to realize its promises in theory, and repealable at the pleasure of Congress. It proposes by effectual restraints, and by invoking the true spirit of our institutions, to separate the purse from the sword; or more properly to speak, denies any other control to the President over the agents who may be selected to carry it into execution, but what may be indispensably necessary to secure the fidelity of such agents; and, by wise regulations, keeps plainly apart from each other, private and public funds. It contemplates the establishment of a Board of Control, at the Seat of Government, with agencies at prominent commercial points, or wherever else Congress shall direct, for the safe-keeping and disbursement of the public moneys, and a substitution, at the option of the public creditor, of Treasury notes, in lieu of gold and silver. It proposes to limit the issues to an amount not to exceed $15,000,000—without the express sanction of the Legislative power. It also authorizes the receipt of individual deposits of gold and silver to a limited amount, and the granting certificates of deposit, divided into such sums as may be called for by the depositors. It proceeds a step farther, and authorizes the purchase and sale of Domestic Bills and drafts, resting on a real and substantial basis, payable at sight, or having but a short time to run, and drawn on places not less than one hundred miles apart—which authority, except in so far as may be necessary for Government purposes exclusively, is only to be exerted upon the express condition, that its exercise shall not be prohibited by the State in which the agency is situated.

In order to cover the expenses incident to the plan, it will be authorized to receive moderate premiums for certificates issued on deposits, and on bills bought and sold, and thus, as far as its dealings extend, to furnish facilities to commercial intercourse at the lowest possible rates, to conduct from the earnings of industry, the least possible sum. It uses the State Banks at a distance from the agencies, as auxiliaries, without imparting any power to trade in its name. It is subjected to such guards and restraints as have appeared to be necessary. It is the creature of law, and exists only at the pleasure of the legislature. It is made to rest on an actual specie basis, in order to redeem the notes at the places of issue—produces no dangerous redundancy of circulation—affords no temptation to speculation—is attended by no inflation of prices—is equable in its operation—makes the Treasury Notes, which it may use along with the certificates of deposit, and the notes of specie-paying banks—convertible at the place where collected, receivable in payment of Government dues—and, without violating any principle of the Constitution, affords the Government and the people such facilities as are called for by the wants of both. Such, it has appeared to me, are its recommendations, and in view of them it will be submitted, whenever you may require it, to your consideration.

I am not able to perceive that any fair and candid objection can be urged against the plan, the principal outlines of which I have thus presented. I cannot doubt but that the notes which it proposes to furnish, at the voluntary option of the public creditor, issued in lieu of the revenue and its certificates of deposit, will be maintained at an equality with gold and silver, every where. They are redeemable in gold and silver on demand, at the places of issue. They are receivable every where in the payment of Government dues. The Treasury notes are limited to an amount of one-fourth less than the estimated annual receipts of the Treasury; and in addition they rest upon the faith of the Government for their redemption. If all these assurances are not sufficient to make them available, then the idea, as it seems to me, of furnishing a sound paper medium of exchanges, may be entirely abandoned.

If a fear be indulged that the government may be tempted to run into excess in its issues, at any future day, it seems to me that no such apprehension can reasonably be entertained, until all confidence in the representatives of the States and of the people, as well as of the people themselves, shall be lost. The weightiest considerations of policy require that the restraints now proposed to be thrown around the measure should not, for light causes, be removed. To argue against any proposed plan its liability to possible abuse, is to reject every expedient, since every thing dependent on human action is liable to abuse. Fifteen millions of Treasury notes may be issued as the *maximum*, but a discretionary power is to be given to the Board of Control, under that sum, and every consideration will unite in leading them to feel their way with caution. For the eight first years of the existence of the late Bank of the United States, its circulation barely exceeded $4,000,000; and for five of its most prosperous years, it was about equal to $16,000,000; furthermore, the authority given to receive private deposits to a limited amount, and to issue certificates in such sums as may be called for by the depositors, may so far fill up the channels of circulation as greatly to diminish the necessity of any considerable issue of Treasury notes.

A restraint upon the amount of private deposits has seemed to be indispensably necessary, from an apprehension thought to be well founded, that in any emergency of trade, confidence might be so far shaken in the banks as to induce a withdrawal from them of private deposits, with a view to ensure their unquestionable safety when deposited with the Government, which might prove eminently disastrous to the State Banks. Is it objected that it is proposed to authorize the agencies to deal in Bills of Exchange? It is answered, that such dealings are to be carried on at the lowest possible premium—are made to rest on an unquestionably sound basis—are designed to re-imburse merely the expenses which would otherwise devolve upon the Treasury, and are in strict subordination to the decision of the Supreme Court, in the case of the Bank of Augusta against Earle, and other reported cases; and thereby avoids all conflict with State jurisdiction, which I hold to be indispensably requisite. It leaves the banking privileges of the States without interference—looks to the Treasury and the Union,—and, while furnishing every facility to the first, is careful of the interests of the last. But above all, it is created by law, is amendable by law, and is repealable by law; and wedded as I am to no theory, but looking solely to the advancement of the public good, I shall be amongst the very first to urge its repeal, if it be found not to subserve the purposes and object for which it may be created. Nor will the plan be submitted in any overweening confidence, in the sufficiency of my own judgment, but with much greater reliance on the wisdom and patriotism of Congress. I cannot abandon this subject without urging upon you, in the most emphatic manner, whatever, may be your action on the suggestions which I have felt it to be my duty to submit, to relieve the Chief Executive Magistrate by any and all constitutional means, from a controlling power over the public Treasury. If, in the plan proposed, should you deem it worthy of your consideration, that separation is not as complete as you may desire, you will, doubtless, amend it in that particular. For myself, I disclaim all desire to have any control over the public moneys, other than what is indispensably necessary, to execute the laws which you may pass.

Now can I fail to advert, in this connection, to the debts which many of the States of the Union have contracted abroad, and under which they continue to labor. That indebtedness amounts to a sum not less than $200,000,000 and which has been retributed to them, for the most part, in works of internal improvement, which are destined to prove of vast importance in ultimately advancing their prosperity and wealth. For the debts thus contracted, the States are alone responsible. I can do no more than express the belief that each State will feel itself bound by every consideration of honor, as well as of interest, to meet its engagements with punctuality. The failure, however, of any one State to do so, should in no degree affect the credit of the rest; and the foreign capitalist will have no just cause to experience alarm as to all other State stocks, because any one or more of the States may neglect to provide with punctuality the means of redeeming their engagements. Even such States, should there be any, considering the great rapidity with which their resources are developing themselves, will not fail to have the means, at no very distant day, to redeem their obligations to the uttermost farthing; nor will I doubt but that in view of that honorable conduct which has evermore governed the States, and the People of this Union, they will each and all resort to every legitimate expedient, before they will forego a faithful compliance with their obligations.

From the report of the Secretary of War, and other reports accompanying it, you will be informed of the progress which has been made in the fortifications designed for the protection of our principal cities, roadsteads, and inland frontier, during the present year; together with their true state and condition. They will be prosecuted to completion with all the expedition which the means placed by Congress at the disposal of the Executive will allow.

I recommend particularly to your consideration, that portion of the Secretary's reports which proposes the establishment of a chain of military posts, from Council Bluffs to some point on the Pacific Ocean, within our limits. The benefit thereby destined to accrue to our citizens engaged in the fur trade, over that wilderness region, added to the importance of cultivating friendly relations with savage tribes inhabiting it, and at the same time of giving protection to our frontier settlements, and of establishing the means of safe intercourse between the American settlements at the mouth of the Columbia river, and those on this side of the Rocky Moutains, would seem to suggest the importance of carrying into effect the recommendations upon this head with as little delay as may be practicable.

The report of the Secretary of the Navy, will place you in the possession of the present condition of that important arm of the national defence. Every effort will be made to add to its efficiency, and I cannot too strongly urge upon you, liberal appropriations to that branch of the public service. Inducements of the weightiest character exist for the adoption of this course of policy. Our extended and otherwise exposed maritime frontier, calls for protection, to the furnishing of which an efficient naval force is indispensable. We look to no foreign conquests, nor do we propose to enter into competition with any other nation for supremacy on the Ocean—but it is due not only to the honor, but to the security of the People of the United States, that no nation should be permitted to invade our waters at pleasure, and subject our towns and villages to conflagration or pillage. Economy in all branches of the public service, is due from all the public agents to the people—but parsimony alone would suggest the withholding of the necessary means, for the protection of our domestic firesides from invasion, and our national honor from disgrace. I would most earnestly recommend to Congress, to abstain from all appropriations, for objects not absolutely necessary; but I take upon myself, without a moment of hesitancy, all the responsibility of recommending the increase and prompt equipment of that gallant Navy, which has lighted up every sea with its victories, and spread an imperishable glory over the Country.

The report of the Postmaster General will claim your particular attention, not only because of the valuable suggestions wich it contains, but because of the great importance which, at all times, attaches to that interesting branch of the public service. The increased expense of transporting the mail along the principal routes, necessarily claims the public attention, and has awakened a corresponding solicitude on the part of the Government. The transmission of the mail must keep pace with those facilities of inter-communication which are every day becoming greater through the building of railroads, and the application of steam power—but it cannot be disguised that, in order to do so, the Post Office Department is subjected to heavy exactions. The lines of communication between distant parts of the Union, are, to a great extent, occupied by rail-roads, which, in the nature of things, possess a complete monopoly, and the Department is therefore liable to heavy and unreasonable charges. This evil is destined to great increase in future, and some timely measure may become necessary to guard against it.

I feel it my duty to bring under your consideration a practice which has grown up in the administration of the Government, and which, I am deeply convinced, ought to be corrected. I allude to the exercise of the power, which usage, rather than reason, has vested in the Presidents, of removing incumbents from office, in order to substitute others more in favor with the dominant party. My own conduct, in this respect, has been governed by a conscientious purpose to exercise the removing power, only in cases of unfaithfulness or inability, or in those in which its exercise appeared necessary, in order to discountenance and suppress that spirit of active partisanship on the part of holders of office, which not only withdraws them from the steady and impartial discharge of their official duties, but exerts an undue and injurious influence over elections, and degrades the character of the Government itself, inasmuch as it exhibits the Chief Magistrate, as being a party, through his agents, in the secret plots or open workings of political parties.

In respect to the exercise of this power, nothing should be left to discretion, which may safely be regulated by law; and it is of high importance to restrain, as far as possible, the stimulus of personal interests in public elections. Considering the great increase which has been made in public offices, in the last quarter of a century, and the probability of farther increase, we incur the hazard of witnessing violent political contests, directed too often to the single object of retaining office, by those who are in, or obtaining it, by those who are out. Under the influence of these convictions, I shall cordially concur in any constitutional measure for regulating, and by regulating restraining, the power of removal.

I suggest for your consideration, the propriety of making, without further delay, some specific application of the funds derived under the will of Mr. Smithson, of England, for the diffusion of knowledge; and which have, heretofore, been vested in public stocks, until such time as Congress should think proper to give them a specific direction. Nor will you, I feel confident, permit any abatement of the principal of the legacy to be made, should it turn out that the stocks, in which the investments have been made, have undergone a depreciation.

In conclusion, I commend to your care the interests of this District, for which you are the exclusive legislators. Considering that this city is the residence of the Government, and, for a large part of the year, of Congress, and, considering also, the great cost of the Public Buildings, and the propriety of affording them at all times careful protection, it seems not unreasonable that Congress should contribute towards the expense of an efficient police.

JOHN TYLER.

WASHINGTON, *December 7, 1841.*

General News.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—Mr. Jesse Gray, of Wetumpka, Ala., lost his life in rather a singular manner in Union county, Ark., in September last. Being on a hunting expedition, and coming to a tree loaded with muscadines, he laid aside his gun and ascended the tree for the purpose of gathering the grapes. Having on a bear skin cap, which he usually wore on such excursions, an being hid by the vines and leaves, all except his head, he was mistaken for a bear by one of his companions, who instantly shot him dead. He uttered a single exclamation, and falling backwards about four feet, lodged in the vines, and remained there until help was obtained in the neighborhood, to take the body from the tree.

SIX DAYS LATER FROM BRAZIL.—We have received a file of "O Despertador" to the 14th of October.

There appears to be nothing of consequence from any of the Provinces. A law had passed the Chamber of Deputies to organize an army of four thousand militia, principally for Rio Grande. The rebels in that Province continue troublesome.

The Montevidean fleet had sailed from Montevideo for Buenos Ayres. The Admiral had seized a good many sailors who had been fighting under the Argentine flag, and sent them to Montevideo.

The Brazil markets were well supplied with flour and other American produce. Coffee was held up for high prices.

THE LAKES.—The Detroit Advertiser says:—"There is no little alarm felt along the Lakes because of the great fall of the water which has been for a year or two and still is in progress. Since 1836, the water in our river has fallen more than three feet, and it is still two feet higher than it was in 1820. In that year it was a fraction over six feet lower than it had previously been. Should it now go down to the low mark which it reached in 1820, it will be impossible for any of the large boats to pass the St. Clair flats heavily laden. Indeed it was sometimes impossible for them to do so the present season. It is not strange, therefore, that considerable anxiety is felt upon this subject.

POTATOES.—Without this healthy and nutritious vegetable, famine would take possession of various portions of the world. Although rather essential to the existence of an Irishman, it is not less indispensable to the Yankee. Even an agricultural State like Pennsylvania, does not supply enough of this edible to meet the demand. Ten per cent. is laid on foreign potatoes, and yet the importations into Boston last week from Nova Scotia, exceeded 15,000 bushels! The price there is about 20 cents per bushel. In Boston from 40 to 50 cents per bushel. We often notice sloops loaded with potatoes, at our wharves, brought from the Eastern States, and often from Nova Scotia.

A FAMILY POISONED.—The New York Sun states that a family in Newport, R. I. were, through carelessness, poisoned one day last week, and had a narrow escape with their lives. The father mixed some arsenic with flour, in the same saucer, commonly used to dip up flour, and left it over night on a shelf in the closet, to kill mice. The next morning his daughter ignorantly turned the whole with more flour into a jonny-cake she made for breakfast, of which a large family partook, and a few hours afterward were taken ill. All recovered, but the occurrence should operate as a caution to every body not to leave so dangerous an article in an exposed situation.

STATUE OF WASHINGTON.—This splendid piece of statuary in the rotunda at Washington, is placed on a pedestal 14 feet high. The correspondent of the Journal of Commerce says it is to be cased with marble and adorned with historical sculpture. It adds, these pannels are to be executed by Petrich, and will occupy his chisel one or two years. We trust this information may prove true. He is a finished artist, and as modest and unpretending as he is successful in delineating the beautiful and bold in marble.

WHERE THEY BELONG.—The New Orleans Picayune republishes the list of those who died of the Yellow Fever last fall in that city. Of those who died there were

Natives of the United States,	288
Natives of Foreign Countries,	1055
Natives of Countries Unknown,	298
Total,	1641

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO CANAL.—The Frederick Herald of Saturday says: "We have every reason to believe that offers will be made by contractors to complete this great work for within the sum of two millions of dollars, and as to the policy of the early completion of the work so as to relieve the State of its financial embarrassments, there can be little doubt. This canal once finished, the finances of Maryland will no longer be considered as being in a disastrous condition."

GOING INTO THE FOWL BUSINESS.—An Englishman named James Zester, who has been but four months in this country, lately went up to Cherry Valley, Otsego county, N. Y. and entered into a large speculation for poultry, which he purchased to the amount of $100. He then proceeded to New York, without paying for the ducks, chickens, and turkies, and was arrested while he was selling them at less than half price. Committed to prison. Charge—swindling.

COUNTERFEITERS TAKEN.—The St. Clairsville, Ohio, Gazette states that a man named Jesse M. Holiday, has been apprehended at that place, as belonging to a large gang of counterfeiters who infest St. Clairsville and Zanesville, Ohio, Uniontown, Pa., and Wheeling, Va. The Gazette adds, that they have a list of names connected with the counterfeiters which would astonish the public. They have been engaged in robberies as well as counterfeiting.

EFFECTS OF A DREAM.—M. Vandeuvere, an engraver who had attained to great eminence in his profession, died recently at Brussels, in the prime of life—having been a short time before his death subjected to a physical phenomenon of which there are probably few, if any, previous instances recorded in the annals of medical science, "in consequence of a frightful dream, the whole of the hair on his head and body *fell off almost instantaneously*."

LOUIS PHILLIPE'S LOG CABIN.—The Zanesville Gazette says, that if the Prince de Joinville had tarried in that city a few hours, he might have visited the site of the log cabin where his father, Louis Phillipe, was accommodated 40 years ago, when an exile, and have seen, also, the old lady who was his hostess! It is strange the young man did not stop and inquire, as it is said his father still speaks of his good cheer in that cabin.

MR. CROSS.—The Portland Advertiser states, on what is represented to be good authority, that despatches from the Spanish Minister at Washington have been received by the Governor of Cuba, which will probably lead to the prompt release of Mr. Cross, the American Consul at Matanzas. Mr. Cross, it is said, was regularly appointed vice-consul, and at the time of his arrest was legitimately performing the duties of consul.

HORRID AFFAIR.—A horrid affair took place at Brownsville, Pennsylvania, on the 25th ult. between two black men, in which Samuel Gray stabbed his son-in-law with a butcher knife, the weapon entered on the right side, and made an incision on the lungs. The victim died immediately after. The assassin was promptly committed to jail. The murdered and the murderer were both intoxicated at the time.

AN AFFRAY AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.—The Irishmen at work on the dam near Towanda, on Thursday week, had some trifling dispute which ended in blows. A man named Timothy Hare, received a blow from a club on the back of his head, which killed him almost immediately. The murderer who is called James Finnocan has been arrested.

SISTER AND BROTHER DROWNED.—Miss Graham, aged 18 years, and her brother aged 10, were recently drowned near Belleville, Ill. while attempting to cross Mary's river in a canoe. A German, whose name is unknown, was drowned while attempting to rescue them.

EDUCATION IN VIRGINIA.—An Education Convention is to meet at Richmond, Va. some time in the present month. The late census has exhibited facts which show the necessity of some movement for a system more general and efficacious than prevails at present.

MURDER AT BROWNSVILLE, PA.—A colored man named Samuel Grey, stabbed his son-in-law with a butcher knife, on the 27th ult., which caused his death in a few hours. It is said that the murderer and the murdered, were both intoxicated at the time.

NO SINECURE.—The parish clerk of Winkleigh, England, has a salary of a guinea a year for winding up the church clock daily. To earn this sum, he has to travel 102 miles, ascend and descend 29,000 steps, and haul up 18 tons weight 3600 yards.

STOVES.—It is stated in the Peekskill Republican, that not less than 20,000 stoves have been made at the several foundries in that thriving village, during the past year, and they will average, at least, $5 each.

MURDERER CONVICTED.—At St. Martinsville, La. on the 10th ult., a man named Farmer was convicted of the murder of another named Tow, and sentenced to be hanged on the 25th.

TRIED TO ESCAPE.—Reinhart, who was sentenced to be hung at Reading, for murdering Conrad Crist, made his escape from prison on Wednesday week, but was retaken soon after.

COUNTERFEITER ARRESTED.—A man named Stafford, fresh from Texas, was arrested in New Orleans on the 24th ult., with a large quantity of counterfeit money upon his person.

A STAY LAW.—The House of Representatives of Georgia has refused, by a vote of 68 to 88, to pass the bill for the stay on Executions from Justices' Courts to six months.

A NOVEL MOVEMENT.—By a vote of the inhabitants of Dover, N. H., on Saturday, the 20th ult., the "surplus money" received through the State from the United States on deposit, was ordered to be distributed as a gift to each citizen having resided in the town for three months next preceding the day of the order and having the ordinary qualifications of a voter, and to the widows of such, excepting, however, such persons as may have received their rateable share by a distribution of any other town in the State.

WRECK OF A STEAM VESSEL.—Captain Turner, of the Edward Large, at New York, on Sunday, from North Carolina, reports that on the 21 inst. when off Cape Hatteras, 25 miles distant, in long. 75 20, he picked up the wheel, with raw hide wheel rope, and promenade deck of a steamboat. Also a part of the cable and fifteen pieces of white dimity curtains. The wheel was mahogany, inlaid with rose and boxwood, and the whole appeared to have been but a short time in the water.

MONUMENT TO BISHOP MOORE.—The Richmond Compiler says that a number of gentlemen belonging to the congregation of the Monumental Church in the city of Richmond, met on the 30th ult. for the purpose of adopting measures to erect a Monument to the memory of their late Pastor, Bishop Moore. The Rector and Wardens of the Church were appointed a Committee to contract for and cause to be erected the said Monument.

DISASTER.—A letter from Boston speaks of the arrival at Salem of the brig Northumberland, from Maranham, reports speaking, Nov. 30, lat. 30, long. 69 40, ship American, Holden, 50 days from Liverpool for New York, with 240 passengers, of great distress, and nothing on board to eat. The Northumberland supplied her with provisions.

RELIEF TO THE DISTRESSED.—Two vessels left Boston last week loaded with provisions and clothing for the relief of the inhabitants of Truro, who suffered so severely from the storm in October. In addition to this $4000 in cash has been forwarded for this generous purpose. The town of Provincetown has also contributed $450 for their relief.

WHERE ARE OUR MEN-OF-WAR.—The United States Minister to Bogota is still in the hands of the contending parties that now anarchise the republic of Columbia. The North Americans on the coast have been obliged to seek shelter on board of English men-of-war. There is not an American vessel within hundreds of miles.

MYSTERIOUS.—The top of a mail bag, with the chain and lock complete, was brought to the post office at Petersburg, Va. a few days since. It was picked up in the upper part of the town. No tidings have been heard of the other part, nor is there any clue to ascertain what has become of the contents of the bag.

EXECUTED.—E. Phelps, convicted some time since of the murder of Caper Walker, in Germantown, N. C. was hung in that place on last Friday week. The unfortunate man stated from his death scaffold that he was not conscious of having committed the murder. He was intoxicated at the time.

LONG SENTENCES.—Jonathan May, and his companions, who some time since made an attempt to rob and murder Mrs. Van Harten, in Jefferson county, Mobile, have been sentenced, the former to sixteen years, and the others to nine years imprisonment in the Penitentiary.

YALE COLLEGE CATALOGUE.—The catalogue for the current academical year gives an aggregate of 550 members of the institution, viz:—Theological Students, 59; Law, 31; Medical, 47; Resident Graduates, 3; Seniors, 108; Juniors, 108; Sophomores, 125; Freshmen, 70.

DEATH OF JUDGE BLACK.—The Bedford Inquirer of Thursday, announces the death of Judge Black, of Apoplexy, at his residence in Somerset county. He was elected to supply the place of the deceased Mr. Ogle, and would have taken his seat in the present Congress.

LOOK OUT FOR HIM.—A reward of $500 is offered for the apprehension of Abraham Isler, who, without provocation, on Wednesday of last week, shot John H. Little. The reward is offered by George W. Little, of Charlestown, Jefferson county, Virginia.

EDWARDS THE FORGER.—Edwards the forger will not be tried till next March. His counsel wishes to collect evidence to prove the insanity of his client.

WHALEMEN.—The present number of whaling vessels out of New Bedford is three hundred and six—all square riggers.

Army & Navy.

INCREASE OF RENDEZVOUS.—The Army and Navy Chronicle states, that it is in contemplation to increase the number of naval rendezvous. Portland, Me., will be one; Commander J. S. Paine has been ordered thither as recruiting officer, and the brig Consort, under the command of Lieut. A. Lewis, will be employed as the receiving vessel. New Orleans will be another. The ship Ontario will be sent thither. In the case of Capt. Bolton, the department has ordered a court martial. In the case of Capt. Newton, no blame is attached to him for the bursting of the cannon on board the Fulton.

NAVAL BALL.—A splendid ball was given on board of the U. S. frigate Macedonia, at Norfolk, Va. on Wednesday evening week, by the ward-room officers of that ship to the ladies of Norfolk, in reciprocation of the hospitalities extended to them while in harbor.

BROOKLYN FRIGATE.—In Brooklyn, the frigate upon the stocks will be forthwith completed, and a sloop of war will also be finished with all possible despatch.

NEW SLOOP OF WAR.—Orders were received at the Charleston Navy Yard, to build a new sloop-of-war immediately.

THE LADY'S

WORLD OF FASHION.

A new Monthly Magazine with the above title, embellished with the earliest Fashions from Paris and London, elegant Steel and Mezzotint Engravings, Lace Work, Embroidery, Music, etc. will be issued early in December in advance of the other Magazines for January. The work will be devoted *especially to the ladies*, and will be issued in a style never before attempted in this country. It will contain articles from the most popular and pleasing writers of the day on every variety of subject, but the work will be in the main devoted to the cultivation of the home virtues. Hence most of the stories will be of a practical, domestic character, from the pens of our best female writers, while the earliest fashions in all their varieties shall be correctly given;—so as to make the work welcome at every fire-side. In the halls of the fashionable and the gay,—the home of the virtuous matron, whose own needle supplies her raiment, as well as in the store and sewing room of the mantua maker and milliner.

The Main Design of the Work.

The prominent design of the Magazine will be to furnish in elegant and attractive style, the earliest, most correct, and full report in advance of all the other Magazines, and prior to the issuing of them here, of the Monthly Fashions direct from Paris and London. The advantage of this to every lady, who makes taste in dress the least matter of life, will at once be apparent, and to the professional dress maker and milliner of the United States, the enterprise will be of incalculable advantage. It is proposed to issue every month a number and variety of costume, which will put to the blush every thing in the way of monthly reports of the Fashions heretofore attempted.

For this purpose the publisher has embarked the most ample means and resources in the enterprise, and has matured his plans both in this country and in Europe prior to commencement. It has been a favorite project, and has been deliberately undertaken, and will be carried through vigorously. The first number will give an idea of the beauty and real excellence of the plates.

Elegant Steel Engravings.

In order to render the work ornamental in the highest degree, and to make it a perfect *parlor companion*, and an *ornament to the centre-table*, as well as entertaining in its literature, and useful in the style of the fashion plates, it is proposed to issue the most elegant Steel and Mezzotint engravings from the first artists in the country, illustrated by choice and entertaining stories of domestic life. To vary the style of illustrations, occasional *Lace Patterns* and *Embroidery*, got out in unsurpassed beauty and truth, by that excellent artist F. Quarre, Esq. will also be given; and to leave nothing undone, at times, will be given, the most popular and elegant Music of the day, Songs, Gallopades, Marches, etc.

The Typography.

The work will be printed on clear and beautiful type, on a page larger than any of the present three dollar Magazines, with fine margin, and strong, white paper, and will contain as much matter as can be compressed into thirty-six large octavo pages.

Time of Delivery.

The Magazine will be issued on or before the 15th of the month preceding the month for which it will be published, or dated, or about the time the steamships which sail from Europe on the first of the month, usually arrive. Thus the work will be in the hands of every subscriber with the most correct fashions before they can be got out here, and anticipating all other Magazines at least six weeks.

The Terms.

To bring the work within the reach of all, it will be issued at two dollars per annum for a single, or three copies for five dollars invariably in advance, post paid. The cheapness of the work will be at once appreciated, when we state that the London World of Fashion retails in this country at $10 per annum, and the Lady's World of Fashion will include every variety in the same style of excellence.

To Clubs.

3 Copies for 5 dollars.
8 do. for 10 dollars.
Current funds, post paid.

Editors who may wish an exchange, upon copying this prospectus, will be furnished with the work for one year.

Address C. J. PETERSON,
Ledger Building, Philada.

SICKINS, HAIR CUTTER,
Number 107 North Ninth Street.
Particular attention paid to the cutting of Children's Hair

FOR MILLERS, TANNERS, FARMERS, &c. COFFUCK'S PNEUMATIC & PERCUSSION SMUT MACHINE. The best yet known for cleaning Wheat, Rye and Buckwheat from ALL IMPURITIES and scouring and polishing off every grain. Price $100, $125, and $150.

WEBSTER'S IMPROVED BARK MILLS.—The best Bark Grinding Machine in use—long *tested* and *proved* by most Tanners in the United States. Price 15, 25, and 45 dollars.

IMPROVED CORN CRUSHERS.—*None better, for grinding Corn with the cobb*, for horses and cattle feed. Price 15 and 20 dollars.

FIRST RATE PLASTER MILLS.—*For grinding Plaster of Paris.* Price 15 to 20 dollars. For sale by S. C. ATKINSON, (Agent) 26 North 8th St. Philadelphia.

☞ It is hoped those who are in want of such machines will be willing to test the superiority of the above, and that the agents and patrons of the S. E. Post of 'auld lang syne' will recommend to the notice of those wanting machinery as above their old friend.

Letters, when post paid, promptly attended to.

ALMANAC.

Dec. 1841	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES			
					D.	H.	M.
11 Saturday,	7 23	4 37	12 59				
12 Sunday,	7 24	4 36	1 43				
13 Monday,	7 24	4 36	2 27				
14 Tuesday,	7 24	4 36	3 19				
15 Wednesday,	7 25	4 35	4 8	Last	5	7	24
16 Thursday,	7 25	4 35	4 53	New	12	4	40
17 Friday,	7 25	4 35	5 37	First	20	9	50
18 Saturday,	7 25	4 35	6 17	Full	28	1	38

Married,

On Monday morning 6th inst. by the Rev. Robert Adair, GEORGE W. WRAY, of this city, to MARY ANN THOMPSON, daughter of the late Daniel Wolfe, of Lewistown, Delaware.

By the Rev. T. J. Thompson, on the 30th ult. THOMAS CLEAVER, of Port Penn, Del. to SARAH DANIELS, of Salem, N. J.

On the 5th inst. by the same, THOMAS H. BAYARD, to REBECCA BUCK.

By the Rev. George Chandler on the evening of the 30th ult. Mr. SAMUEL SOMMERS, to Miss MARGARET FOX.

By the same, on the evening of the 5th inst. Mr. JOSEPH WALZEY, to Miss MARY ANN COPE.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Tyng, Mr. GIDEON HINDS, to Miss ANN MORGAN, all of this city.

On Sunday evening, 5th inst. by the Rev. Thos. Durfee, JACOB H. HUMMEL, to ANN LIND, of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Anthony Atwood, JOSEPH SUTTON, Jr. to ELIZABETH D. daughter of Thomas Massey, of New Castle, Del.

At Staten Island, on Wednesday morning, on the 1st inst. by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. SAMUEL H. FROST, to LOUISA, daughter of Stephen Ketelttas, all of that place.

On Thursday evening, 2d instant, by the Rev. John Coleman, Mr. BENJAMIN GIBBS, to Miss LYDIA RAMBO, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Newton, RICHARD BERESFORD, to ELIZABETH O. HEVERS, all of this city.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. A. Atwood, OLIVER OTTINGER, to CATHARINE MILLER, all of the Northern Liberties.

At Washington, D. C. on the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Hawley, HENRY H. LEWIS, U. States N. to ANNE OGLE, youngest daughter of the late Col. John Taylor, of Mount Airy, Va.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Dr. Williams, CHAS. MORGAN, Esq. of New York, to ARABELLA JONES, daughter of the late Robert Adams, Esq.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Higgins, JOHN ROSS, Jr. of this city, to Miss AMANDA MELVINA F. GREEN, of Smyrna, Del.

On the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Harris, Mr. WM. GALLOP, to Miss FANNY ANN MOON, all of Southwark.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. J. N. Nichols, AMOS ORR, of Hartford county, Md. to Miss CAROLINE ATKINS, of this city.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Albert Barnes, THOS. EARP, Jr. to ELLEN C. daughter of George W. Fobes, Esq. all of this city.

On the 1st inst. by S. H. Tyng, D. D. Mr. CORNELIUS G. C. MOORE, of Edenton, D. C. to Miss ELLEN M. daughter of the late John Brown, Esq. of Manila.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. PETER BROWN, of West Philadelphia, to Miss SARAH ANN BELL, of Chester county, Pa.

Died,

On the 6th inst. Mr. BENJ. H. STARR, in the 24th year of his age.

On the 6th inst. JOSEPH JAMES, infant son of Sarah and James Beck, aged 18 months.

On the 6th inst. of consumption, ELY ROBINSON, in the 24th year of his age.

On the 6th inst. after a short illness, Mr. THOMAS CADWELL, in the 92d year of his age.

On Sunday morning, the 5th inst. in the 76th year of her age, ANN MALEY, relict of the late Capt. Wm. Maley.

On Monday, 6th inst. STOCKER LEWIS, eldest son of Lawrence Lewis, Esq. aged 22 years.

On the 5th inst. ANNIE, daughter of Geo. Sargent, aged 15 years.

On the 5th inst. CHARLES W. ENNIS, formerly of Dayton, Ohio, in the 25th year of his age.

On Saturday evening, 4th instant, Mr. CHRISTOPHER O'BRIEN.

In New York, on the 2d inst. of typhus fever, EDWARD GALLAGHER, glass blower, in the 27th year of his age.

At his residence on Spring Hill, near Mobile, on the 24th ult. Capt. EDWARD GEORGE, Jr. formerly of Philadelphia, and for the last three years a citizen of that place, in the 47th year of his age.

On the 6th inst. in the 41st year of her age, MARY ANN, consort of John W. Biddle.

In New York, on the 1st inst. JOHN REED MUIR, son of the late Commissary General Muir, aged 24 years.

At Morristown, N. J. on the 1st inst. after a severe and protracted illness, GLORIANA, widow of the late Commissary General Muir, aged 46 years.

Suddenly, on the 6th inst. Col. WILLIAM BRADFORD, in the 29th year of his age.

On the 2d inst. PHEBE CORNELIA, daughter of Richard C. and Susan S. Cake, of Camden, N. J. aged 4 years and 6 months.

On the 4th inst. LAWRENCE HART, aged 30 years.

On the 5th inst. JESSE PAUL, aged 72 years.

On the 4th inst. Mrs. ELLEN WHITE, aged 42 years.

On the 2d inst. JOHN SHAW, Esq. of the Northern Liberties, in the 70th year of his age.

On the 3d inst. MARY HOUSEMAN BUCKINGHAM, daughter of Capt. Peter Hott, of scarlet fever.

On the 2d inst. ISABELLA RYAN, in the 88th year of her age.

On the 3d inst. JOHN HENRY DE GROOT, in his 33d year.

On the 3d inst. Mrs. MARGARET McDONOUGH, in the 38th year of her age.

On the 5th inst. after a short illness, ROBERT LITHGOW, in the 33d year of his age.

At Tallahassee, Fa. on the 14th ult. THOMAS KNIGHT, late of Philadelphia, aged about 28 years.

On the 1st inst. Rev. ANDREW HARRIS, Pastor of the Second African Presbyterian Church, aged 27 years.

On the 3d inst. CHARLES H. JONES, in the 19th year of his age, formerly of Elkton, Maryland.

Suddenly, on the 3d inst. FRANCIS, infant son of Charles P. Miller.

On the 3d instant, EMMA LOUISA, daughter of John and Juliana Sesser.

In New York, on the 26th ult. Mrs. MARY CLARK, formerly of Philadelphia, in her 50th year.

On the 29th ult. of apoplexy, Mrs. LYDIA VANNETTER, in the 39th year of her age.

On the 1st inst. HARRY H. youngest son of Stephen D. and Sarah Phillips, aged 6 months.

At Tuscaloosa, Alabama, on the 18th ultimo, Mr. J. P. GLEASON, of bilious fever, after a lingering illness of 23 days, aged 28 years.

Health Office, Dec. 4, 1841.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington

From the 27th of November to the 4th of December.

DISEASES.	Adults	Children	DISEASES.	Adults	Children
Asphyxia,	0	2	Brought over,	26	24
Apoplexy,	1	0	——Typhoid,	2	0
Cancer of Breast,	1	0	——Scarlet,	0	2
Croup,	0	1	Gangrene of Lungs,	1	0
Congestion of Brain,	1	1	Hemorrhage,	0	1
Colic,	0	1	Inflammation of Bronchi,	0	3
Consumption of the Lungs,	18	2	——Lungs,	3	5
Convulsions,	0	5	——Liver,	3	1
Dropsy,	0	1	——Larynx,	1	0
——Abdominal,	1	0	Inflammation of the Peritoneum,	1	0
——Head,	0	3	Injury of Spine,	1	1
——Breast,	0	1	Marasmus,	0	1
Disease of Kidneys,	1	0	Old Age,	1	0
——Lungs,	0	1	Palsy,	1	0
Drowned,	1	0	Pleurisy,	1	0
Dysentery,	1	1	Small Pox,	0	6
Debility,	0	3	Still Born,	0	7
Fever, Typhus,	1	2			
Carried over,	26	24	Total, 92—	41	51

Of the above there were 5 from the almshouse, 1 from the country, and 8 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

State of the Thermometer,

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Nov.	28,	30	34	33
	29,	26	30	30
	30,	24	30	33
Dec.	1,	24	30	36
	2,	28	35	37
	3,	36	40	44
	4,	46	50	50

COUNTRY MERCHANTS AND DRUGGISTS wishing PEASE'S celebrated Clarified ESSENCE OF HOARHOUND CANDY, For the cure of COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, &c. an article which has obtained a greater celebrity, and commands a more ready sale, both in EUROPE AND AMERICA, than any other medicinal preparation that has ever been offered to the public,—can send their orders to those in the city with whom they have dealings, or direct to the subscriber.

☞ A liberal discount allowed.
☞ All letters must be post paid. G. B. ZIEBER.
No. 87 Dock street, Philadelphia.
nov 27 3m* Wholesale Agent for J. Pease & Son.

RAW SILK WANTED.—A fair price will be given for well reeled Raw Silk, at No. 45 Gaskill near 2d street, running between Lombard and South streets. nov 27 3m

STAMMERING CURED, and Instruction given in Elocution by Dr. A. Comstock, No. 100 Mulberry street, Philadelphia. nov 20 1y*

DEAFNESS Cured.—Scarpa's Compound Acoustic Oil, for the cure of DEAFNESS, pains and the discharge of matter from the ears, also all of those disagreeable noises, like the buzzing of insects, falling of water, whizzing of steam, &c. &c. which are symptoms of approaching deafness, and also generally attendant with the disease. This medicine has been used in this country about one year, and so wonderful has been its effects in curing and relieving the deaf, that it is now offered to the public, that all may have an opportunity of proving its efficiency. Many persons who have been deaf for ten, fifteen, and twenty years, and were obliged to use ear trumpets have, after using one or two bottles, thrown aside their trumpets being made perfectly well. Physicians and Surgeons highly recommend its use.

Read the following, selected from a great number of a similar character.

Messrs. Editors—Deafness is a disease which has hitherto been considered incurable, but I can inform the public that it is a mistaken idea. I have been deaf for ten years, and concluded that I must remain so, but not many months since I saw in your paper an advertisement of *SCARPA'S OIL*, for deafness, by Dr. Jayne, 20 south Third street. As a last resort I concluded to try it, and now I am happy to say, I can hear as well as any one. Two of my friends have also used it; one was so deaf that he used an ear trumpet; now he hears perfectly well without it—the other was very much troubled with noises in the ears and head, and he at once found relief and is well. One bottle cured me, which I thought getting well pretty cheap.
Yours, &c. SILAS RUGBEE, Second street, below Pine.

Prepared only by B. Bell and FOR SALE wholesale and retail, by Dr. JAYNE, No. 20 south THIRD street, and H. C. BLAIR, corner of EIGHTH and WALNUT streets, Philadelphia; also by A. B. & D. Sands, No. 79 & 100 Fulton st. N. Y. and by Lyell Johnson & Lyell, Richmond Va. Price $1 per bottle. nov 20 3m

TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS WHO BUY FOR CASH. *New Hat, Cap, and Fur Manufactory, No. 8 South 3d street, 4 doors below Market, West side.*

The subscribers, importers of Furs and Practical manufacturers of Hats and Caps of every description, would invite the attention of merchants who pay cash, and wish to get the worth of their money, to their establishment, where they will find their goods fully ten per cent. lower than at any other in the city, and for the obvious reason, their terms being Cash, they are not under the necessity of charging those who pay an extra profit to make up the losses on those who do not.

RAYMOND & DE YOUNG,
nov 6 2m No. 8 South Third street.

WARRANTED pure Ground WHITE LEAD. The increased consumption of WETHERILL & BROTHERS' pure ground White Lead has [illegible] the manufacturers [illegible] from its known excellence and purity. And the accumulated demand which it affords to them the best reward for their efforts to sustain THE CHARACTER OF THE [illegible] at the same time, that they should apologize to their friends at a distance, whose orders are not so promptly filled as usual. By redoubling their diligence, they hope to keep pace with the increasing call. nov 20 3m

WM. W. FOUCHE, Dentist, No. 79 North Sixth street, below Race street, where all operations appertaining to *Dental Surgery* will be performed on the most modern and approved principles, and on terms perfectly satisfactory.

Fouche's Vegetable Tooth Powder, and Gum Restorative, for the cure of scurvy and removal of all extraneous substances from the tooth, price 25 cents a box. my 1 1y

WETHERILL & BROTHERS, Chemists and Colormen, manufacturers of White Lead, Lead Pipe, Window Glass, &c. Importers of Drugs, Dyes, Perfumery, Surgical Instruments, Apothecaries Furniture, &c. No. 65 North Front street, two doors below Arch, east side. ap 16 1y

THE BEST METHOD FOR THE ABOLITION OF DISEASE IS TO CLEANSE AND PURIFY THE BODY.

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, of the North American College of Health, are now acknowledged to be the best medicine in the world for the cure of

EVERY VARIETY OF DISEASE,

Because they completely cleanse the stomach and bowels from those bilious and corrupt humors which are the cause not only of head ache, giddiness palpitation of the heart, pains in the bones, rheumatism and gout, but of every malady incident to man.

SAID INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Are a certain cure for intermittent, remittent, nervous, inflammatory and putrid Fevers, because they cleanse the body from those morbid humors, which, when confined to the circulation, are the cause of all kinds of

FEVERS.

So, also, when the same impurity is deposited on the membrane and muscle, causing pains, inflammations and swellings, called RHEUMATISM, GOUT, &c.

The Indian Vegetable Pills may be relied on as always certain to give relief, and if persevered with according to directions, will most assuredly, and without fail, make a perfect cure of the above painful maladies. From three to six of said Indian Vegetable Pills, taken every night on going to bed, will in a short time so completely rid the body from every thing that is opposed to health, that Rheumatism, Gout, and pain of every description, will be literally

DRIVEN FROM THE BODY.

For the same reason, when, from sudden changes of atmosphere, or any other cause, the perspiration is checked, and the humors which should pass off by the skin are thrown inwardly, causing HEADACHE, GIDDINESS, Nausea and sickness, pain in the bones, watery and inflamed eyes, sore throat, hoarseness, coughs, consumptions, rheumatic pains in various parts of the body, and many other symptoms of CATCHING COLD.

The Indian Vegetable Pills will invariably give immediate relief. From three to six of said pills, taken every night on going to bed, will, in a short time, not only remove all the above unpleasant symptoms, but the body will, in a short time, be restored to even sounder health than before. The same may be said of ASTHMA,

Or Difficulty of Breathing. The Indian Vegetable Pills will loosen and carry off by the stomach and bowels those tough, phlegmy humors which stop up the air cells of the lungs, and are the cause, not only of the above distressing complaint, but when neglected, often terminates in that still more dreadful malady, called CONSUMPTION.

It should be also remembered that the Indian Vegetable Pills are a certain cure for PAIN IN THE SIDE,

Oppression, nausea and sickness, loss of appetite, costiveness, a yellow tinge of the skin and eyes, and every other symptom of a torpid or diseased state of the liver, because they purge from the body those impurities which, if deposited upon that important organ, are the cause of every variety of LIVER COMPLAINT.

When a nation is convulsed by riots, outbreaks and rebellion, the only sure means of preventing the dreadful consequences of a CIVIL WAR,

Is to expel all traitors and evil disposed ones from the country. In like manner, when pain or sickness of any kind indicate that the body is struggling with internal foes, the true remedy is to EXPEL ALL MORBID HUMORS, (Traitors to life,) AND HEALTH WILL BE THE CERTAIN RESULT.

AS A FURTHER PROOF

That the principle of curing disease by cleansing and purifying the body, is strictly in accordance with the Laws which govern the animal economy, and if properly carried out by the use of the above named INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,

Will certainly result in the complete abolition of Disease; we offer the following testimonials, from persons of the highest respectability in New York, who have recently been cured of the most obstinate complaints, solely by the use of WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS OF THE NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE OF HEALTH.

Jamaica, L. I. June 9, 1841.

Doctor William Wright—Dear Sir—It is with great satisfaction that I inform you of my having been entirely cured of Dyspepsia, of five years standing, by the use of your Indian Vegetable Pills.

Previous to meeting with your celebrated medicine, I had been under the care of several physicians, and had tried various medicines, but all to no effect. After using one 25 cent box of your Pills, however, I experienced so much benefit, that I resolved to persevere in the use of them, according to directions, which I am happy to state has resulted in a perfect cure. In gratitude to you for the great benefit I have received, and also in the hope that others similarly afflicted may be induced to make a trial of your extraordinary medicine, I send you this statement with full liberty to publish the name if you think proper. Yours, &c. G. C. BLACK.

New York, June 29, 1841.

To Mr. Richard Dennis, Agent for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, No. 288 Greenwich street, New York.

Dear Sir—At your recommendation, I some time since made trial of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, of the North American College of Health, and can conscientiously assert that for PURIFYING THE BLOOD AND RENOVATING THE SYSTEM I have received more benefit from their use than from any other medicine it has heretofore been my good fortune to meet with.

I am, dear sir, with many thanks, your obliged friend,
CHARLES M. TATE,
No. 66 Hammersly street, New York.

Mr. Richard Dennis, Agent for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. Dear Sir—I have been afflicted for several years with inward weakness and general debility, accompanied at times with pain in the side and other distressing complaints. After having tried various medicines without effect, I was persuaded by a friend to make trial of Dr. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, which I am happy to state have relieved me in a most wonderful manner. I have used the medicine as yet but a short time, and have no doubt, by a perseverance in the use of the medicine according to directions, that I shall in a short time be perfectly restored.

I most willingly recommend said Pills to all persons similarly afflicted, and in the full belief that the same beneficial results will follow their use.

I remain, yours sincerely,
HENRY A. FOOTE,
Warwarsing, Ulster Co. New York.

New York, Sept. 29, 1841.

This is to certify that I have used WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS with the greatest benefit, having entirely cured myself of the frequent attacks of Sick Headache, to which I had previously been subject.

ANN MARIA THOMPSON,
288 Greenwich street, N. Y.

To Mr. Richard Dennis, Agent for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

CAUTION.

As there are at this time many wicked persons busily engaged in selling a counterfeit medicine under the name of the Indian Vegetable Pills;—and as these desperate men are so utterly reckless of consequences, that many valuable lives may be lost in consequence of using their dreadful compounds, the public are cautioned against purchasing any Pills, unless on the sides of the boxes the following wording is found

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,
(*Indian Purgative*,)
OF THE NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE OF HEALTH.

And also to be especially guarded against purchasing said medicine except at the OFFICE AND GENERAL DEPOT, No. 169 RACE STREET, PHILADELPHIA—or of the following respectable merchants, who have been appointed Agents for the sale of said Indian Vegetable Pills.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Henry Press, grocer, Germantown, Philadelphia county;
W. S. Painter, Westchester, Chester
C. D. Manly, Chester, Delaware
Edmund Wright, Norristown, Montgomery
Josiah P Smith, Doylestown, Bucks
John Zimmerman, Lancaster, Lancaster
Stichter & M'Knight, Reading, Berks
P. A. & S. Small, York, York
W. J. Cooper, Gettysburg, Adams
Charles Ogilby, Carlisle, Cumberland
David Oak, Chambersburg, Franklin
Hugh M'Ilvaine, Harrisburg, Dauphin
Smith & Henry, Lebanon, Lebanon
Bickel & Hill, Orwigsburg, Schuylkill
Stem & Wenner, Allentown, Lehigh
Thomas Turner, Blossburg, Tioga
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THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

First and Last Love.

First love is a pretty romance,
Though not quite so lasting as reckoned;
For when one awakes from its trance,
There's a great stock of bliss in a second.

And e'en should the second subside,
A lover can never despair;
For the world is uncommonly wide,
And the women uncommonly fair.

Then poets their raptures may tell,
Who never were put to the test;
A first love is all very well,
But believe me the last love's the best.

Making Money.

Journeying home late one afternoon, in Armstrong county, we passed an anvil on a stump in the woods, with a rough cabin near it; and about a mile further on we met the Vulcan who claimed to be the owner of both, walking erect, with his rifle on his shoulder.

"Well, Jonathan, have you been a hunting?"

"No."

"Where, then—down to Warren?"

"Yes."

"What have you been doing—shooting at a mark?"

"I guess we were!"—and this he said with a peculiar look of self-gratification, rendered apparent by his manner.

"Well, how did you come out; did you win?"

"I guess we did—to the tune of cool sixty-two-and-a-half!"—and here he tapped with his forefinger on his waistcoat pocket, as much as to say—"My share is there to show."

"But, how many were there of you?"

"Four—four of a side!"—and Jonathan kept feeling his money, proud, at the moment, as a monarch.

"When we wound up, we found that we had just sixty-two-and-a-half to divide among us," said he.

To be sure, he had spent the whole day, and shot with his own powder and ball; but he had fifteen cents of his opponent's money to jingle at home, and to think of over his anvil the next day.

And then we rode on, and thought of the Eclipse, the Henry, the Boston, the Gray Eagle and Black Maria, and their owners, and the stakes which these had ventured and won; and finally, indeed, concluded to agree with the poet that, to make him happy

"Man wants but little here below."

Little Men.—It takes little men to set the world on fire, and polish off their jobs neatly. Show me a big fellow, and ten to one I'll show you a big booby; but introduce me to a small shaver—any chap between four feet nothing and five feet four in his boots—and I'll recommend to your notice a fellow that knows what's what, and who has plenty of brains in his head, if he hasn't got much to boast of in the matter of legs in his breeches.

As a general rule the cause of the difference in size of the human family is this: some men's meat go into their bodies—others into their souls; consequently, the smaller the corporeal dimensions the larger the mental developments—and vice versa.

Sheridan and His Duns.—There was an excellent plan, first adopted by Sheridan, of getting rid of untimely visitors; but then his visitors were creditors. They came early, at seven in the morning, to prevent the possibility of being tricked with the usual answer, "not at home," and of course they would not go away. One was shut up in one room, and another in another. By twelve o'clock in the day there was a vast accumulation; and at that hour, the master of the house would say, "James, are all the doors shut?" "All shut, sir." "Very well, then open the *street-door softly*;" and Sheridan walked quietly out between the double line of closed doors.

Epigram

On a very pleasant, but very ugly lady

While in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting syren in thy tongue,
What ardent flames, what anguish I endured!
But when the candle entered—I was cured!

Yankees.—In an Arkansas paper we find the following:—"Well, stranger, where are you out'nt?" said a landlady of Arkansas to her guest. "Why, Madam, I am now from Baltimore, Maryland, but I was born and brought up in Newburyport, Massachusetts," said the gentleman. "Ain't that whar the Yankees live?" said the lady. "Yes, Ma'am," replied the gentleman. "Law me! you are the very man I have been looking after this long time; my clock is out of fix," ejaculated the lady in joy.

Power of Imagination.—An honest Hibernian being observed with a piece of bread in each hand, one of which was smaller than the other, and from which he alternately cut a bit, was asked the meaning of such an unnecessary proceeding. "Faith," said he, "I've heard so much about the power of imagination, that I am trying to believe this little bit to be meat, while the largest remains as bread, but for the soul of me, I cannot bring my mind to distinguish the difference."

Epitaph on a Duck.

One dark and gusty night there came
Some vile and wicked *poacher*,
Who seized on me as lawful game
And made of me a *roaster*.

Jonathan's Definition.—"Well, what are you looking at, old fellow?" said Jack to Jonathan, in a pause of Fanny's La Sylphide. He had risen from one of the forward seats of the pit, and was looking straight up at the unequalled array of beauty in the boxes. "I say, what do you see, old fellow?" "By gosh," says Jonathan, "I never knowed what made 'em call themare upper seats in the meeting-houses and about, *gal-leries* afore."

Anecdote.—A gasconading foreigner was vaunting one day that he had travelled over the whole American continent, and had been carressed every where he went, and had seen all the great men of our country.

"Have you *seen* the *lakes*?" interrogated a shrewd Yankee by-stander.

"Parbleu," says he, "I must surely have *seen* them, when I *dined* with them a dozen times."

Stoicism.—During a trial for assault and battery in one of the courts in Maryland, the prosecutor in the case being under examination, was interrogated by the Judge as to what he was doing when the defendant struck him. "Eating a hunk of gingerbread," replied he. "Well," continued the Judge, "what did you do, when he did strike you!" "I went on eating my gingerbread, sir."

A Useful Lesson.—Dr. Barney says that when he was young, his venerable teacher gave him a lesson which made a deep impression, and by which he endeavored to profit: "Never go to bed at night," said he, "until you know something that you did not know in the morning."

Sayings.—"Keep it before the people, as the boys said when they were kicking the foot-ball.

"It is right up and down with me," as the pump handle said.

"What a falling off was there," as the poet said of the waters of the Niagara.

Very Strange Indeed.—A lady some time back, on a visit to the British Museum, asked the person in attendance if they had a skull of Oliver Cromwell? Being answered in the negative, "Dear me," said she, "that's very strange; they have one at Oxford."

The Mighty Fallen.—An eloquent and sentimental loafer leaning against a friendly lamp post for support, lifted up his voice and cried, "How are the mighty fallen?" A voice at his feet replied, "lengthwise in the gutter."

Smoking Aloud.—"No smoking allowed here," said the captain of a steamboat to one of the passengers, an Irishman, who was puffing away at a long-nine.—"And surely," answered Pat, "I'm not smoking *aloud*."

Long, but Finished.—"That's what I call a *finished* sermon," remarked a man as he was coming out of church. "Yes, *finished* at last," replied his neighbor, "though I began to think it never would be."

A Cute One.—A postmaster out West, not being very well skilled in figures, sends all the money he receives to the Postmaster General, with directions to have him "send back what he thinks fair."

Odd Placard.—On a placard affixed near the menagerie of the King's garden at Paris, are these words: "For the preservation of the animals, people are forbidden to give them any thing to eat."

Good Advice.—A literary friend of our's mentioning that he was about to publish the "Memoirs of a Dead Jackass," the answer was, "Leave it, my good fellow, for your executors to do."

Beautiful.—"Oh, mother! a bee has stung me!" said a beautiful girl as she came running in from the garden. "Never mind, child," replied the mother, "he mistook thee for a flower."

Soul vs. Stomach.—The reason why most people think more of their stomachs then they do of their souls is, because their stomachs are the *organ* of the two.

Captivating Firm.—A retail dry good house in New York is said to flourish under the title of "*Ketchum & Kissem*." The ladies, of course patronize the establishment largely.

Hard Cider.—A man up town has got cider so hard that he splits wood with it.

From the Ladies' Companion, for November.

Marriage.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

Balthazar.—"Nay, nay; all marriages are made in Heaven.
Benedict.—Trust me, not so—if some descend from Jove
Many spring up from earth; and, sooth to say,
Not few are tinkered in the sulphury realms
Where Pluto holds his court.
Balthazar.—How prove you this?
Benedict.—Right easily: three powers are there which win
Mankind to noose themselves in wedlock's bands;
When Eros binds the soul in gentle chains
Heaven smiles upon the vow; while Earth puts forth
For Anteros its fading, fragile flowers;
But Hell itself sends forth its pitchy flames
When Pluto leads th' unwilling votary."

Old Play.

"Look what a magnificent present I have just received, Cousin Clara, and tell me if Mr. Walmsley is not a most princely suitor." Such was the exclamation with which Eveline Harris entered the apartment of her cousin. Clara quietly raised her eyes from her needlework, and taking the richly enchased box which was proffered to her view, replied: "It is really very pretty—a work box I suppose?"

"A work box, indeed!" exclaimed Eveline, "no, no; the casket, pretty as you may think it, is scarcely worthy its contents!" As she spoke, she touched a spring and Clara almost started at the dazzling brilliancy of the gems which flashed before her eyes.

"Did you ever see such splendid diamonds!" cried Eveline.

"You surely do not intend to accept them, Eveline!" exclaimed Clara.

"Indeed I do: only look at that exquisite taste of the setting;" and with these words, the gay girl drew from the box a superb bandeau, which she carelessly twined in her long curls as she turned to the mirror to observe their effect.

"Take care what you do, Eveline," said Clara gravely; "you may pay too high a price for these costly jewels."

"What do you mean, coz?"

"Do not pretend to misunderstand me; you cannot with propriety accept so valuable a gift, unless you intend also to accept the hand of the donor, and surely in that case you would buy them at the cost of happiness."

"Really you are very complimentary, Clara; it seems to me, that youth and health, good temper and fortune, are not such very despicable ingredients in the cup of life."

"Listen to me without displeasure, Eveline; you are gifted with talent and with beauty, education has improved the faculties of your mind, and society has added elegance of manner to your native charms. Mr. Walmsley is four years your junior, and nature has been to him a most niggard step-dame; since, to an insignificant person, she has connected an exceedingly weak mind. Even his better qualities serve to render him ridiculous, for his extreme good temper makes him the butt of his associates, while his profuse generosity subjects him to the continual impositions of the knavish and designing. He has too many virtues to deserve contempt, and too many weaknesses to command respect."

"You are a faithful limner, coz; Master Simeon Walmsley is all that you have depicted; and yet, nathless his juvenility, and his imbecility, Eveline Harris is his future bride. Dont start, Clara; the affair was all settled last evening;—he wears my turquoise ring, and I suppose these diamonds are to be considered as his 'troth-pledge.'"

"Eveline, you are jesting."

"I am speaking the words of sober truth, coz."

"Can it be possible that the pure proud nature of Eveline Harris has become so sullied by communion with the world, that she can sell herself for baubles like these?" exclaimed Clara, vehemently. "I have seen the time when the mere thought would have been spurned as an insult."

"I know all you would say, Clara; you think me enamored of Walmsley's wealth, and you are right; but my motives are not so selfish as you suppose. You know my father's high-toned feelings, and the difficulty which he has had in sustaining such an appearance in society, as could satisfy his family pride. That difficulty increases every day, and we must soon stoop from our proud eminence, or we must find some new method of resistance to the pressure of poverty. I am now five and twenty, and three younger sisters yet remain to be provided for; so that there is no other resource for us than wealthy marriages. Papa has never urged me to marry, but he has had his eye upon Mr. Walmsley ever since he entered college; and he has taken care to wind around him the light but firm bonds of habits, by accustoming him to the attentions of our family. A few days ago, papa came to me with a volume of Dante in his hand, and bade me read attentively a passage which he had marked. It contained the advice given by the poet to a certain noble duke respecting the marriage of a daughter. 'Marry the eldest advantageously, even if you mortgage all your estate to do so, and then all the others will reap the benefit of her position.' Strange counsel from the Poet of Heaven and Hell, was it not, Clara? I pondered long over the thoughts which the book had excited, for I understood papa's wishes the moment I read the passage, and could not but admire the delicate mode which his elegant taste had suggested as the best means of making me acquainted with them. Last evening, when young Walmsley entered, I perceived a restlessness in his manner which foreboded something unusual; and at length, when by the management of papa, we were left alone, he blundered out the momentous proposition. He was all confusion, and I all self-possession—for a moment I hesitated, but my eye fell upon the book which lay upon the table, and that decided me. He is not exactly the beau-ideal of my fancy, but I have the satisfaction of knowing, that the sacrifice of my own feeling will purchase the welfare of my family."

"And do you really believe, Eveline, that you have been perfectly disinterested in your motives? Did no vision of grandeur heretofore unattainable, of wealth almost unbounded, of triumphs over rival belles, flit across your fancy? Did not ambition whisper, that wealth is power?"

"Clara, I will not pretend to more virtue than I possess. I have lived long enough in society to be fully acquainted with the value which is set upon fortune, and I should be as wretched now with 'love in a cottage,' as I might have been in my joyous girlhood from the anticipation of a destiny like the present. The truth is, that I have outlived the age of romance, if indeed I ever possessed it. Mr. Walmsley's wealth will place me at once upon an eminence which many are painfully toiling to reach; it will enable me to sustain the falling fortunes of my family, to marry my sisters to advantage, and to gratify my father's ambition. Are you satisfied, coz?"

"Far from it, Eveline; you know not your own character, or you would never subject yourself to the torture which you will now be called to endure. You are proud and sensitive, and fault—jealous of ridicule, and shrinking from any thing which can in the slightest degree wound your self-love; yet you are now about to marry a man who will be the means of inflicting daily pangs upon your susceptible feelings."

"You do not give him credit for his truly amiable temper, Clara."

"I do, I do, Eveline; if, with your eyes open to all its consequences, you allow this marriage, you merit all the unhappiness which must inevitably result from it; but poor Walmsley doubtless loves you, and believes you bestow a reciprocal affection; to him, therefore, the suffering will be severe and unmerited."

"Do you suppose I shall be fool enough to let him discover his mistake, Clara? No, no; he is not very acute in his perceptions; and as I really estimate his goodness of heart, it will not be difficult to treat him with such kindness, as may be easily mistaken for a warmer feeling."

"You deceive yourself, my dear cousin; before marriage it may require but little artifice to make the counterfeit coin pass current for the pure gold of true affection; but, depend upon it, the close observation of wedded life soon discovers the cheat."

"You and I, Clara, differ very widely in our ideas of that mystery called love. For my part, I have no faith in its existence.

'The mind hath made it as it peopled Heaven,
Even with its own desiring phantasy.'

I have had many a passing fancy, and have awakened many a transient passion in the hearts of others, but I have never felt a spark of that ardent, devoted love, of which maidens dream and poets sing."

"It is not too late for you to experience it yet, Eveline."

"Yes, my time is past for all 'youth's fantasies,' all my 'opium dreams' of romance have given place to more substantial visions. I have seen many a love-match degenerate into a union of 'hands not hearts;' and, therefore, I feel no anxiety about my future destiny. I mean to be a most dutiful and affectionate wife—not from a blind and selfish affection, but from *principle*."

"I have no more to say, Eveline; you seem to have calculated the chance with a degree of deliberation rather unusual in such cases; and therefore all further discussion would be useless. When will your marriage take place?"

"Oh, as soon as the wedding gear can be prepared; I hate long engagements."

"They give one too much time for reflection you think, Eveline?"

"'No more of that an' thou lovest me, good coz;' a truce with your grave lectures, and let us discuss the subject of the toilet."

"Do you mean that your diamonds shall form part of your bridal attire?" asked Clara dryly.

"What a shocking idea—no, certainly not; diamonds would be as unsuited to a bride as roses to a great-grandmother; the perfection of a wedding dress is elegant simplicity—a single gem upon the brow, a band of snowy pearls to confine the flowing veil, or a delicate spray of orange buds may be tolerated, but no more."

Eveline Harris was the spoiled child of the world of fashion. Her father, a man of versatile and brilliant talents, was the idol of society; but while his votaries fed him with the incense of flattery, he was compelled to keep alive their devotion by lavishing his golden favors among them. His patrimony diminished as his popularity increased; and at length, he was reduced to practice the thousand expedients which are necessary to the poor and proud slave of appearance. His eldest daughter, who closely resembled him in personal beauty and brilliancy of character, was an object of his especial affection. He saw her the admired of every gay circle, dispensing smiles to all alike, but evincing no disposition to assume the responsibilities of matrimony; and he rejoiced in this because it ensured to him the continuance of her society at home, while it enabled him to arrange ambitious plans for her future establishment. He had long determined that one of his daughters should marry Simeon Walmsley, who had been left to his guardianship when quite an infant, and whose large estate had increased to an enormous amount during a minority of nearly twenty years. In order to effect this, the young heir was taught to consider Mr. Harris as a second parent, and to look upon the daughters as intimate and confidential friends, even from his boyhood; while, at the same time, his wary guardian took care that his youth should be passed in the safe retirement of a remote village, under pretence of regard for his health. Educated in seclusion, young Walmsley had been studiously preserved from all contagion of evil example. The follies and vices which, in great cities, are learned almost in childhood, were totally unknown to him, and, when, at the age of twenty-one, he came into possession of his immense wealth, he was one of the most pure-minded and single-hearted beings in the world. Affectionate in his disposition, generous in his impulses, and kind in all his feelings, he possessed many qualities calculated to awaken regard; but unfortunately, the fine qualities of his character were thrown into the shade by a weakness of intellect almost amounting to imbecility. His mind was, to use a homely simile, like a sieve, it contained only the grosser particles of knowledge. He had acquired, what a certain learned alderman styled "*the three R's*;" but they comprehended nearly all the information with which his scholastic studies had endowed him. In vain he had been compelled to plod year after year through the field of classic lore—in vain he had been led through the flowery paths of elegant literature—in vain he had been sent to explore the treasures of art in the vast storehouse of Europe. Of his classical studies he only retained a vivid sense of abhorrence—his attainments in the *belles-lettres* only enabled him to yawn through a new novel—and from his foreign tour he only derived a prejudice against all men who could not speak English. Yet, notwithstanding all this, Simeon Walmsley was not designed to be a mere useless incumbrance in social life. His intellect was of the narrowest possible limit, but his moral nature was capable of a very high degree of cultivation; and while his mental powers were evidently far below mediocrity, he gave promise of goodness and virtue far exceeding the ordinary standard of morality. He had no philosophic views of human life, but he believed that God had given him wealth in trust for the welfare of others as well as himself: he, therefore, determined to do all the good he could, and to avoid, as far as it was possible, all contract with evil. With these simple but correct views, he needed only the aid of a stronger mind and firmer character, to make him one of the noblest of mankind.

Such was the man upon whom the proud, the sensitive, the highly-gifted Eveline Harris had exerted her fascinations, and whom she had voluntarily lured into an affection, which she knew could never be a source of happiness to him. Even when she stood at the altar, her heart grew cold as she uttered the solemn response, for she *knew* that her haughty spirit even then refused "to honor and obey" her future lord. A feeling almost amounting to contempt arose within her breast, and she unconsciously raised her head proudly, as her eye glanced on the diminutive form of him who placed on her finger the symbolic ring.

Woe unto those who pronounce the awful pledge which binds two immortal souls, when they know that the heart denies the uttered word! If there be a sin, which beyond all others, deserves the fearful punishment denounced against deception by the God of Truth, it is the perjury which desecrates the holy shrine, when a marriage vow is pronounced by the lying lip of the cold, the careless, or the false.

Eveline's ambitious fancies were fully gratified. Immediately after her marriage, she found herself installed in a splendid mansion and surrounded by all the appliances of wealth and luxury. Her husband, elated at the thought of having won the long admired belle of fashionable society, seemed as if he could never repay her condescension. His affectionate temper led him to anticipate her every wish, and he seemed to live but in her presence. With almost foolish fondness he would hang over her chair, and pour forth all the extravagances of his excited feelings as he gazed upon her stately beauty. He loved to be fondled and petted like a child, and if he could but lounge upon a sofa, with his head resting on her lap, while he gazed up into her lovely face with proud and happy tenderness, he was perfectly content. He loved her with all the fervor of an ardent but feeble nature, and the relying, dependent fondness with which he regarded her, was like a characteristic of feminine feeling, rather than like the manly and protecting affection which we look for in the lover and the husband. To a woman of Eveline's temperament, such evidences of attachment would have been excessively disagreeable even had she loved her husband. She liked to receive homage of a more rational kind, and would have looked with contempt upon any man who was content to share such caresses as might be bestowed upon a pet kitten. She had no patience with what she called his childishness. She had schooled herself to perform all her serious duties as a wife, but she had not reflected upon the minor tasks which are often the most difficult to performance. His constant presence, his unwearied devotion, his foolish fondness, imposed restraints upon her which at last became perfectly intolerable, and she looked forward with impatience to the time when the uxorious bridegroom should be transformed into the careless husband.

And was this her only cause of discontent? my reader will ask. At this early period of her married life it was; and had she guided aright the feeble mind of her devoted lover, she might have received as well as given happiness. But she possessed too haughty and unaccommodating a spirit. She fancied that by thus allowing herself to seem his idol, she shared the ridicule which she knew his weakness drew upon him from those who could more readily sneer at his defects than imitate his virtues. Instead of compelling others to treat him with respect by showing that she thought him worthy of it, she seemed glad to take refuge from his attentions in the unmeaning civilities of those butterflies of fashion who are always ready to flutter round the light of beauty. It soon became a subject of remark, that Mrs. Walmsley availed herself fully of the convenient fashion which forbids husband and wife to associate together in society. She allowed him to attend her entrance into the ball-room or saloon, but from that moment she became the cynosure of all eyes save his. She urged him abroad into gay company; she prompted every scheme which could draw him from his home, and actually exerted more pains to destroy his domestic habits, than ever did a neglected wife to awaken a love for home in the breast of a profligate. His affection was ridiculed, his fondness repelled, his caresses spurned, and he was at length taught by bitter and frequent lessons, that he must seek for pleasure and happiness elsewhere than in the precincts of his own domicile. The strongest attachment Eveline had ever known, was that which bound her to her family, and absorbed in schemes for their advancement, she finally exhibited toward her husband a degree of indifference which almost broke his heart. He beheld his wealth lavished upon her father, his house made the home of her sisters, his equipage and servants given up to the command of those who despised him, and yet he felt that all this would be nothing, if he could only believe that his wife estimated his devotion to her will. But in proportion as he yielded patiently to the yoke imposed by her family, her contempt and coldness seemed to increase. Goaded beyond endurance, his feeble mind at length poured forth its sorrows into the ear of one who had long sought to win the confidence of the possessor of fortune's favors. His wife despised the office of counsellor and friend, and he therefore sought sympathy and advice among the companions of his idle hours. It was no difficult task to find those who would listen to his sorrows, in the hope of sharing his pleasures, and led by the influence and example of such a friend, the disappointed husband began to seek enjoyment in the excitement of vicious indulgence.

Fully occupied with her own ambitious plans for the advancement of her family, Eveline took little heed of the change which was gradually taking place in her husband. She noticed with secret satisfaction that she was no longer annoyed by his officious tenderness, and, once free from his odious restraint, she flattered herself that she was acting the part of a conscientious wife. But the time came when she was to feel a void which she never before knew. Her sisters married, and, occupied in their own interests, became, in a manner, estranged from her, whose superior attractions always threw them into the shade, and whose elevated position in society excited their discontent. Her father, whom she loved better than any earthly being, was suddenly removed from her by death; and, five years after her marriage, Mrs. Walmsley began to be sensible of a loneliness of heart, which she had never experienced in her earlier years. She had no children to become the recipients of the hidden tenderness of a woman's heart, and, as she grew older, she was conscious of a weariness and distaste of the pleasures of society, which led her to picture many a visionary scene of domestic bliss. But it was too late. She had thrown from her the wealth of pure affection, and the happiness which, notwithstanding her husband's want of talent, might once have been found in the contemplation of his moral excellence, was now lost for ever. She had realized all her plans of life, she had succeeded in all her schemes for herself and family, but, at last, when driven by satiety of pleasure and loneliness of feeling, to seek for peace within the sacred limits of home, she found her feeble-minded husband transformed, by the influence of others, into the tavern-haunter and the gambler. She had suspected this terrible change long before the evidences met her view, and at length the truth in all its horrors burst upon her. But did it ever occur to her that she was the guilty cause of this moral wreck? Did she remember that the influence which love had placed in her hands had never been exerted, save to drive him from the safe precincts of domestic life? Did she reflect upon the responsibility which is incurred by the strong mind, when it binds to itself weakness and frailty? No; she felt only impatience of the imbecile being who could not resist temptation, and without a single attempt to withdraw him from his degrading pursuits, she looked with bitter loathing upon the husband whom she had sworn to honor, while she awaited in sullen impatience the moment of freedom which his failing health and repeated excesses led her to anticipate.

* * * * *

It was some ten years after the conversation recorded in the commencement of this veritable history, that the cousins were again seated together in consultation: and, strange to say, the identical diamonds which had then originated the long discussion between them, were lying on the table. The gems still sparkled in all their pristine splendor, but a change had passed over those who now looked upon them. Clara's pale cheek and hollow temples, showed that time had not left untouched her delicate loveliness; but the soft light of her dark eye, and the placid sweetness of her pensive countenance, were still attractive, in despite of the years which had bestowed upon her the odious appellation of "*old maid!*" The proud beauty of Eveline had been less fragile. Her black eye still flashed as proudly, her tall form still retained its symmetry, notwithstanding its expanded proportions, and her raven locks still retained their rich gloss, though they might now be indebted to art for some of their redundancy. Yet there was an expression of hardness and coldness in her face, which made one think that Time had revenged himself by indurating what he could not spoil. Her's was beauty of form, unadorned with loveliness of spirit: the sculptured vase unlighted from within. Yet that face was now a far less faithful index of her mind, than it had been in her earlier years. She had worn a mask in society, until her features became moulded into the cold immobility of the "counterfeit presentment;" and the countenance, which, in youth, glowed with expression, while the heart remained perfectly unawakened, now remained as calm as a frozen lake, while unwonted passions disturbed the current of the hidden feelings. She had become a widow, and joyfully had she witnessed the dissolution of the tie which had bound her. Mr. Walmsley's mind had sunk beneath the strong excitements of the gambling-table and the festive board. He had fallen into a state of utter imbecility for more than a year previous to his death; but the transition between his former mental weakness, and the actual idiocy which ensued, was so gradual, the shades of difference were so slight, that it was impossible to decide the precise period when reason became completely darkened. Availing herself of this, Mrs. Walmsley had devoted herself most assiduously to her invalid husband. His childlike simplicity of temper, led him to forget all past indifference, and to welcome her present cares as evidences of returning affection. Completely subdued to her influence, he made a will, bequeathing to her all his fortune; but whether that will was executed previous to his entire alienation of mind, was a question which, not even lawyers could decide. At all events, she was a handsome and wealthy widow, and—the strangest change of all—she was now a firm believer in the power of that Love whose existence she had once denied. The cousins had met to decide a mighty question.

"I think I shall wear the bandeau, but not the necklace," said she, as she took up the casket; "the pin and ear-rings will be quite sufficient in addition to it; I do not admire too heavy a style of dress for a bride; what say you, Clara?"

"It is entirely a matter of fancy, Eveline, but I thought you did not consider diamonds suitable for a bride; I remember shocking you very much by a suggestion respecting them, on a former occasion."

"I recollect it perfectly, coz., but at my age, one requires all the aid of ornaments. Heigh ho! do you know, Clara, that I really believe I have some very foolish feelings about this marriage?"

"Why do you think so?"

"I am sensible of a trepidation of heart—a degree of agitation—a timidity, I might almost call it, that seems to me perfectly ridiculous."

"How do you account for such feelings, Eveline?" asked Clara, quietly.

"You will smile if I tell you, coz., that I believe it proceeds from the anxious tenderness of ardent affections. I well remember how coldly I once reasoned with you respecting that love which you considered so necessary to wedded happiness. I knew nothing of it then—but now—when the age of passion has long been past—I, who in my youth, despised its power, am subjected to its influence. I tell you, Clara, that the sound of Charles Elston's voice thrills me with an emotion such as I never before dreamed of—his very step is musical to my ear; his look is like sunshine to my heart. Do not laugh at me, dear coz.; I am ashamed of my own wild impulses, but never, 'till I met him, was I sensible of my own strength of feeling."

"He is the only living relative of your late husband, is he not?"

"Yes, he is Mr. Walmsley's cousin, and my first meeting with him was at the opening of the will. The poor fellow seemed sadly disappointed when the disposition of the estate was made known to him; and, no wonder, for he is that most helpless of earthly creatures—a poor student. Devoted to science, he has pursued fame, while fortune passed unheeded. I expected that he would have disputed the will, but he at first lacked the means, and a few interviews with me destroyed all inclination to resort to such measures. He appeared completely fascinated, and, at a time of life, when even vanity could scarcely have led me to expect admiration, I have won the truest and fondest of lovers."

Clara shook her head and smiled.

"What objection have you now to make, coz.?" exclaimed Mrs. Walmsley, impatiently; "you predicted all sorts of misfortunes from a marriage without affection; and what have you to say against one founded on the most disinterested love?"

"Nothing, except that in the first instance, it was the *bride* who was making a '*marriage de convenance*,' and in this case it may be the *suitor*."

"For shame, Clara; you are absolutely censorious. Do you suppose mere wealth could tempt a man of such high toned feelings, such noble intellect, such refined pursuits as Charles Elston, into a union without affection?"

"I might have found difficulty in believing such a thing, had I not known an instance where intellect and beauty and pride were all sacrificed to wealth."

Eveline reddened with shame and vexation, as she replied, "You pay no flattering compliment to me, Clara, by your distrust of my lover; however," she added, "we had better not discuss a subject on which we shall never agree. I am to be married on the tenth day of October, and I intend that you shall again be my bridesmaid."

"You must excuse me, Eveline."

"Indeed, I shall do no such thing; I suppose you think you are *trop passee*, but you are mistaken."

"That is not my reason for declining the honor, Eveline; a bridesmaid of thirty, is not unsuited to a bride who bears the weight of some five or six additional years."

"You provoking creature; why do you remind me of my wasted life? Well, then, it is because you are thirty, and not twenty, that I insist on having you as a bridesmaid; I do not desire to have some fair fresh-looking girlish creature at my side, making every one sensible of the contrast between youthful loveliness and well-preserved beauty."

"I am sorry I cannot serve as a foil to you, upon this occasion, Eveline," said Clara, with a smile, "but I assure you I have the best of all reasons for refusing."

"The best of all reasons! What, are you going to be married, Clara?"

"I am."

"Can it be possible? why, really, I thought you a confirmed old maid; and pray who is the happy man?"

"Do you remember our old playfellow, Harry Wellford?"

"To be sure I do; he went to Canton soon after you left school. You don't mean to say you are going to marry him?"

"We were engaged before he left this country, Eveline. He was as poor as myself in worldly wealth, but we were rich in affection, and he went abroad to win that gold without which we could not be united. His business became so complicated, that he could not disengage himself without the sacrifice of all that he had toiled to obtain, and thus time passed on until nearly fifteen years have elapsed since we parted. I said we were rich in affection, and the proof of my assertion is, that we have lived upon that affection during so many years of absence. He has now returned with the competence which he sought. He finds her whom he left a blooming girl, sadly changed in person, but not in heart, while I am happy in the belief that the snow which is slightly sprinkled amid his raven locks, has imparted no coldness to his feelings. We are to be married quietly and privately, therefore, if I partake in your bridal festivities, I must be in company with my husband."

"He shall be right welcome for you sake, dear coz; yours, indeed, is the love which loves on long remembrance, and I hope you may reap the reward of your constancy; but who could have dreamed that so much romance was concealed beneath your quiet demeanor?"

A pretty and graceful bride was Clara Lewis, when she gave her hand to the love of her youth, and sought, within the bosom of domestic peace, the recompense of her patient affection. The elegant widow celebrated her second nuptials in a most magnificent manner, and while some coveted the diamonds which sparkled on her brow, others envied her the handsome bridegroom. But the young husband was an evidence that intellectual gifts are not always accompanied with elevated moral sentiments. Supremely selfish in his habits, he had married the widow because he could thus be put in quiet possession of his cousin's wealth, and his determined character soon taught her that she had given herself a master. Devoted to the acquisition of fame, he treated her with utter indifference, while he allowed his time to be entirely engrossed by his scientific pursuits. She had despised the honest affection of her humbly-gifted husband, while she revelled in the enjoyments purchased by his wealth, and the chalice of bitterness was now returned to her own lips by the hand of him who had wedded her only for the gold which ministered to his daily comforts, while he trod in selfish heartlessness his solitary path to fame. A weary and a wasted life has been her's, and in the loneliness of her declining years, she remembers with "late remorse," the pure heart and gentle spirit of him whom she drove from the paradise of home, to find a resource from sorrow in vice, and a refuge from insanity in the grave.

The Miniature.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS, ESQ.

As sung by Mr. Braham.

William was holding in his hand
The likeness of his wife;
Fresh, as if touch'd by fairy wand,
With beauty, grace, and life.
He almost thought it spoke—he gazed
Upon the treasure still,
Absorb'd, delighted, and amazed,
To view the artist's skill.

"This picture is yourself, dear Jane,
'Tis drawn to nature true;
I've kiss'd it o'er and o'er again,
It is so much like you."
"And has it kiss'd you back, my dear?"
"Why—no—my love!" said he.
"Then, William, it is very clear,
'Tis not at all *like me!*"

Plague and Fire in London.

The following historical sketch is from the Eclectic Review. There is nothing on earth more terrific than a fearful pestilence. To see men dying daily and hourly, struck down by an unseen power, while the breeze seems as gentle and as healthful, the sky as bright and clear, and the earth as teeming and fruitful as ever, marks most emphatically the hand of Omnipotence.

"In the month of June the heat became excessive, and the deaths reported as from the plague were two hundred and seventy for the last week. In the middle of July it began to make alarming progress among the suburban parishes northward. With the approach of September the eastern ones shared the same fate, so that the dark cloud, having thus moved round the whole circumference of the city, began to shed its disastrous influences over the trembling myriads who still clung to it as their home. From June to September the weekly reports of deaths continued to increase, in various degrees, until they rose to eight thousand two hundred and ninety-seven. But the terror and confusion of that time were such as to render it impossible that complete returns should be made; and we safely believe that the scene of horror was much greater than even the largest of these numbers would indicate. According to the best authority we possess, the weekly mortality during the early part of September was not less than twelve thousand, a third part of which amount were supposed to have died in one fearful night! The bills for the year report the total at sixty-eight thousand five hundred and ninety six; which fails, probably by one third, to exhibit the real extent of the calamity. Many died of fright; in the case of others, lunacy, brought on by the same cause, preceded dissolution. The instances of females dying in a state of pregnancy increased more than tenfold; and the newborn seemed to live only to become capable of dying. The symptoms of the disease varied considerably in different constitutions. In some cases there was no appearance of swellings, and the infected person flattered himself that his more partial and moderate symptoms were only those of ordinary indisposition, until the chest was found to exhibit a number of purple spots, which warned the victim and his friends that life would be extinct in a few hours at the utmost. These spots were called the *tokens*, and were present before the imagination of the people as the messengers of death. The person in whom the disease took this shape died with comparatively little suffering; but, when carbuncles appeared, the internal functions retained much of their strength, and a high state of fever commonly ensued. Many, in their paroxysm, broke away from the beds in which they were fastened, and raved upon passengers in the streets, from the windows of their apartments. Some laid violent hands upon themselves, whilst others gave utterance to their misery in loud and bitter lamentations, or, forcing their way abroad, fled, with little or nothing to cover them, from street to street, shouting forth the most phrensied language. Some of these unhappy creatures threw themselves into the Thames; others sank in sudden exhaustion and expired—even the officers, so great was the fear of infection, commonly forbearing to put any restraint upon them. Of those who were visited with disease of this form, few died in less than twenty-four hours; some lived through twenty days, but the average limit was five or six days. In July and August the majority of the infected perished; in September and October the recoveries are believed to have been in the proportion of three to five.

"The means employed to counteract this awful calamity sometimes aggravated its violence.—Thus on one occasion the Lord Mayor ordered sea-coal fires to be kindled in the streets, amidst which the pestilence stalked with increased desolation, until enormous falls of rain happened to extinguish them. Comets and unusual meteors diffused horror and dismay all around; whilst soothsayers, astrologers, quacks and other impostors reaped a detestable harvest from the fear of their fellow creatures. London emptied itself of all who had the means of removal. Not less than ten thousand houses were deserted in the city and its adjacent parishes, so that grass grew in the most frequented thoroughfares; all abodes reported by the local authorities as containing infected persons were immediately shut up; whilst on the door a large red cross was painted, with the words written over it, "The Lord have mercy upon us." Watchmen, with halberds in their hands, prevented all ingress or egress; trade was wholly suspended, and two general pest-houses were opened. The following is a graphic picture, to be read almost with tears:

"When those who ventured abroad met, they might be seen keeping at the most cautious distance from each other; and the man who passed a house with the fatal mark upon it, commonly glanced indirectly at it and, muffling his cloak about him, made his way with a hurried and timid step along the forsaken footpath on the opposite side. Men feared even the fragrance of flowers, lest they should inhale the sickness from them, and called for antidotes, rue, myrrh, and zeodary. As the deaths multiplied, all the usual expressions of sympathy with the departed, such as tolling the parish knell, wearing mourning, and funeral processions, suddenly ceased. Men were employed to go through the infected districts, in the dead of night, to collect and inter the bodies of those who expired in the course of the day. The distant tinkling of a bell, and the glare of torches, announced the approach of the dead cart; and, as it came near the houses with the cross upon them, the men attending it uttered alternately the well-known cry, "Bring out your dead!" To this call, the response of the inmates was often a wail of sorrow as they brought their dead to the door, sometimes barely covered, but commonly wrapped up like mummies in the bed linen on which they breathed their last. The bodies thus obtained were lodged one upon another in the vehicle, and, being conveyed to the edge of a broad deep pit prepared to receive them, the board at the end of the cart was removed and they were made to fall as they might into their places. This done the workmen covered them immediately with a layer of earth, upon which others in their turn were thrown in the same manner, until the dreaded receptacle became full to within a few feet of the surface.

"The mental sufferings of persons whose imaginations followed the objects of their affections to such a scene, must have been great. It is well known that grief and excitement not unfrequently obtained a visible mastery over the understanding. The unwonted course of things about them filled the minds of many with ideas of the supernatural. They saw spirits walking the earth, and could trace out fearful sights in the heavens; and there were those who believed themselves commissioned to announce the wrath of the Almighty! One man took upon him the mission of Jonah. Another naked, except a slight covering around his waist, and sometimes with a vessel of burning coals raised above his head, traversed the city day and night, without appearing to tire or rest, exclaiming, "Oh! the great, the dreadful God!" But the cause which served to push religion to the extreme of fanaticism in some seemed to expel all sense of it from others. In the language of these, life was short; its probable end to-morrow; the future was a dream, and the Sad only could suffer the fleeting moments that might remain to pass in wailing rather than in pleasure. Thus the darkest hour of calamity became marked by the utmost license in crime. Oaths and imprecations in one quarter, mingled with the adorations and prayers which ascended from another; the song of the drunkard blending with the hymn of the devout; one class eagerly bent on riot and sensuality, converting the tavern and brothel into a species of pandemonium, whilst another, and happily a much larger one, manifested a new solicitude to diffuse the benefits of piety and charity, which the horrors around them had done much to purify and exalt.

"Within a few months afterwards came another vial of wrath, in the form of fire, upon our then as now most guilty metropolis. It broke out on the second of September, 1666, after an unusually hot and sultry August, on the premises of a baker in Pudding-Lane, near London Bridge. The habitations about it were, unhappily, built of wood, much crowded together, with the roofs and partitions of many of them covered with pitch as a protection against bad weather, and being in the centre of enormous stores in which tar, hemp, and other naval materials, oils, wines, coals, rosin, and foreign spirits were deposited. Sir Thomas Bludworth, having to act as chief magistrate, proved quite unequal to his functions. The sailors urged an explosion of those storehouses through gunpowder, which lay in the path of the conflagration; a step, which, had it been taken in time, might have prevented much mischief. Little or nothing effectual was done, and the fiery deluge spread. Street after street became pyramids of flames, and then heaps of smouldering ruins. By night the whole slope of the city towards the river, from the Three Cranes in the Vintry, to more than a mile westward, was an arch of fire; steeples, churches, public edifices, sinking one after another out of sight, amid clouds of smoke, the glare of flames, and an incredible noise produced by the violence of the wind, the rush of the conflagration, and the frequent crash of roofs, as they tumbled successively to the ground. The element which thus raged on earth seemed to have taken possession of the heavens, which glowed with a changeful and terrific brightness, so that the lurid effect was observed at the distance of forty or fifty miles. Evelyn, who was an eye-witness, exclaimed, 'God grant that I may never behold the like. I saw ten thousand abodes in one flare; the noise and crackling, and thunder of the impetuous blaze; the shrieking of women and children; the hurry of people; the fall of towers and churches; it was like a hideous storm; and the air all about so hot and inflamed, that at last one was not able to approach it, so that all seemed forced to stand and to let the flames burn on, which they did for nearly two miles in length and one in breadth.' The melted lead ran in streams along the streets; and when at last the destruction paused, out of nearly a hundred churches and more than thirteen thousand houses, besides public buildings, scarcely a fragment remained erect to aid the explorer."

Napoleon's Eye and Calculation.

By long experience, joined to great natural quickness and precision of eye, he had acquired the power of judging with extraordinary accuracy both of the amount of the enemy's force opposed to him in the field, and of the probable result of movements, even the most complicated, going forward in the opposite armies. The roar of artillery, the smoke and the rattling of musketry, even the falling of balls around him, were alike unable to divert his steady gaze, or disturb his accurate judgment. Never was he known to be mistaken in the estimate which he formed on the distance or approach of the fire of the enemy. Even on the furthest extremity of the horizon, if his telescope could reach the hostile columns, he observed every movement, anticipated every necessity, and, from the slightest indications, drew correct conclusions as to the designs which were in contemplation. No sooner had he fairly ascended a height from whence a whole field of battle could be surveyed than he looked around him for a few minutes with his telescope, and immediately formed a clear conception of the position, forces, and intentions of the whole hostile array. In this way he could, with surprising accuracy, calculate in a few minutes, according to what he could see of their formation, and the extent of ground which they occupied, the numerical force of armies of sixty or eighty thousand men; and, if their troops were all scattered, he knew, at once, how long it would require for them to concentrate, and how many hours must elapse before they could make their attack. On one occasion, in the autumn of 1813, some of Napoleon's generals expressed an opinion that he might expect an attack on the side of Bohemia. "From what I can see," said he, calmly closing his telescope, "the enemy have there two corps of sixty thousand men; they will require more than one day to concentrate and be ready to attack; we may pursue our march."—*Alison's History of Europe.*

Flirtation.—The author of Charles O'Malley introduces the following queer illustration into the last number of that veritable narrative:—

"Flirtation is a very fine thing, but is only a sort of transition after all: the tadpole existence of the lover would be great fun, if one was never to become a frog under the hands of the parson."

The Polite Butcher.—In the Bristol market a lady having her hand upon a joint of veal, said, "I think, Mr. F. the veal is not quite so white as usual." "Put on your glove, madam," replied the dealer, "and you will think differently." It may be needless to remark, that the veal was ordered home without another word of objection.

Ladies Department.

To Dianthe.

The evening star with lingering ray,
Now shines above the trysting tree,
Where oft we've watch'd it fade away
And sink beneath the silent sea;
When thou thy young hand clasp'd in mine,
With tearful eye wouldst question me,
If, when I saw its glory shine
In other climes, I'd think of thee.

And I would promise thee to keep
Love's vigils by its trembling light,
Or on the land or on the deep,
Where'er it beam'd upon my sight;
And often when the billows threw
Their arms across my foamy track,
That lovely star would fondly woo
To thy loved home my spirit back.

On India's bright and burning plains,
Where fair Italia's breezes sweep,
Or proud Athena's ruined fanes
Their watch o'er Grecian glory keep,
On many a land, o'er many a sea,
When sped my bark to realms afar,
My pilgrim heart would turn to thee,
While gazing on that lovely star.

Years since have flown, and thou hast found
Another shrine, another throne,
Whereon thy hand hath lightly bound
The offerings I had deem'd mine own;
But though another claims thy love,
Fond memory oft will whisper me
Of happy days, when Fancy wove
Hope's garlands by the star-lit sea.

Author of Paul and Virginia.

Bernardin de Saint Pierre, author of *Paul and Virginia*, one day took it into his head to turn hermit. He belonged not to the class of persons who are weary of life. He knew as yet no other trouble than that of having received a rather severe lecture from his schoolmaster. The threat of punishment one day produced such an effect that the young sinner resolved to do penance and to turn hermit that he might escape, in the first place, school, and in the next all the persecutions and seductions of the world. Accordingly, turning his back on the school, he set out in quest of a spot sufficiently solitary for his purpose. His pilgrimage had lasted about an hour when the young truant, having reached the wood behind St. Audresse, conceived that he was in a real wilderness, and resolved there to commence his life of seclusion from the world. The day was delightful; the birds sang their liveliest songs; the great heart of the little hermit understood their language, swelled with delight, and rejoiced at having burst the fetters of the world and of school, and gained perfect liberty. Blackberries were naturally the first meal of the recluse, and, having made his supper of the same fruit, he set about building himself a little hut of boughs. The hermitage was not quite finished when he heard at a distance the voice of his faithful nurse and attendant, Marie Palbot, calling his name. He could not imagine how she had found out his retreat, and the first impression made upon him by the voice of his kind Marie, who had always been so fond of him, was to penetrate farther into the wood and hide himself from her. But the voice came nearer and nearer, and Bernardin soon heard that the calls were interrupted by weeping and sobbing. His heart was not proof against this; he hastened to her, threw himself into her arms, comforted her, and wiped the tears that trickled down her cheeks and his own. How could he have forsaken the world if he had loved only his good Marie Palbot, and not a creature beside, and been loved by none but her! And he, the future author of *Paul and Virginia*, loved all the world—every human being, every bird, every tree, every flower.

The anecdote alone would sufficiently demonstrate his vocation. He became—his heart and his imagination pointing the way—he became the most feeling writer of France; nay, I cannot help thinking that in the works of Bernardin de St. Pierre is to be found a confirmation of my notion that centuries have not wholly effaced in the French Normans their German origin. Not one other French writer has shown so profound a comprehension and feeling of nature as he, and as a hundred German writers have done.

Questions for a Wife.

Do you recollect what your feelings were immediately after you had spoken the first unkind word to your husband? Did you not feel both ashamed and grieved, and yet too proud to admit it? That pride, madam, was, is, and ever will be, your evil genius. It is the temper which labors incessantly to destroy your peace, which cheats you with a vile delusion that your husband deserved your anger when he really most required your love. It is the cancer which feeds upon those glad and unspeakable emotions you felt on the first pressure of his hand and lip, and will not leave them till their ashes corrode your affections, blight your mortal vision, and blunt your sense of right and wrong. Never forget that yours is a lofty calling—never forget the manner in which the duties of that calling can alone be properly fulfilled. If your husband is hasty, your example of patience will chide as well as teach him; your recriminations will drive him from you; your violence may alienate his heart, and your neglect impel him to desperation. Your soothing will redeem him; your softness subdue him; and the good-natured twinkle of those eyes, now filling beautifully with priceless tears, will make him all your own.

Woman's Cheerfulness.

Concerning nothing do we come to more false conclusions and make more false steps than concerning woman's cheerfulness. Ah! how many of these affectionate creatures are there who pine unknown, despond smiling, and wither jesting; who, with bright, joyous eyes, flee into a corner, as if behind a fan, that there they might right gladly break out into tears which oppressed them; who pay for a day of smiles by a night of tears,—just as an unusually transparent, clear, and mistless day surely foretells rain!

Death of Marshal Duroc.

The day after the battle of Bautzen the French army moved in pursuit; but it was boldly kept in check by the allied rearguard under Miloradowich; and the Russian guns kept up a heavy and destructive fire upon the advancing masses. Napoleon expressed constant indignation at the firm face of his gallant enemy. "What!" he frequently exclaimed, "after such a butchery, no results, no prisoners? Those fellows there will not leave us a nail. When will this be done?" At this period a Russian ball killed one of his escort. "Duroc," said he, turning to him, "fortune seems resolved to have one of us to-day." Some of the suite observed in an under tone, that it was the anniversary of the death of Lannes, at Essling; Napoleon galloped off to another point of the attack. His suite followed him, four abreast, pushing on through a hollow way in such a cloud of dust, that they could see nor be seen. A cannon-ball, which narrowly missed Napoleon himself, plunged in the midst of the group, and struck down Kirgener, and general of engineers, and Duroc, the grand marshal. Kirgener was killed on the spot, and the more unfortunate grand marshal was mortally wounded, and left writhing on the ground in agony. The intelligence was speedily conveyed to the Emperor, and awoke whatever emotion there was in his callous heart. He instantly dismounted, gazed long on the battery from which the fatal shot had been discharged, and then entered the hut to which the dying soldier had been conveyed. "Duroc," said he, pressing his hand, "there is another world where we shall meet again." "Memorable words," as the historian observes, "wrung by anguish from the child of infidelity and the Revolution."

"Finally, when it was announced some hours afterwards that all was over, he put into the hands of Berthier, without articulating a word, a paper, ordering the construction of a monument on the spot where he fell, with this inscription—'Here the General Duroc, Duke of Friuli, Grand Marshal of the palace of the Emperor Napoleon, gloriously fell struck by a cannon-ball, and died in the arms of the Emperor, his friend.'

"Napoleon pitched his tent in the neighborhood of the cottage where Duroc lay, and seemed for a time altogether overwhelmed by his emotions. The squares of the Old Guard, respecting his feelings, arranged themselves at a distance, and even his most confidential attendants did not for some time venture to approach his person. Alone he sat wrapped in his grey coat, with his forehead resting on his hands, and his elbows on his knees, a prey to the most agonizing reflections. In vain Caulaincourt and Maret at length requested his attention to the most pressing orders. 'To-morrow—everything!' was the only reply of the Emperor, as he again resumed his attitude of meditation. A mournful silence reigned around; the groups of officers at a little distance hardly articulated above their breath; gloom and depression appeared in every countenance, while the subdued hum of the soldiers preparing their repast, and the sullen murmur of the artillery wagons, as they rolled on in the distance, alone told that a mighty host was assembled in the neighborhood. Slowly the moon rose over this melancholy scene; the heavens became illuminated by the flames of the adjoining villages, which had fallen a prey to the license of the soldiers; while the noble bands of the Imperial Guard played alternately triumphant and elegiac strains, in the vain hope of distracting the grief of their chief. Could the genius of painting portray the scene—could the soul of poetry be inspired by the feelings which all around experienced—a more striking image could not be presented of the mingled woes and animation of war, of the greatness and weakness of man, of his highest glories, and yet nothingness against the arm of his Creator.—*Alison.*

Benjamin Franklin.

A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, several years since, relates from personal knowledge the following anecdotes of Franklin, illustrative of the character of the man who could *bide his day*.

By nature, perhaps, like George Washington, whose character, by the way, is greatly misunderstood, he was a man of strong passions, which, after many years, by continual guardianship, toil, and severe discipline, he had brought entirely under his control. This, we say positively, *was* the character of Washington: this, we *believe* to have been the character of Franklin.

We happen to know something of the doctor's determination, however, in two cases; both growing out of the same event, where the natural temper of the man broke out—blazed up, like a smothered fire—became visible, as it were, all at once, in spite of himself. Some time about the year 1768, he was in this country, acting as agent for some of our transatlantic possessions. The troubles had already begun there. One day, he went before the privy council, as agent, with a petition from the assembly of Massachusetts; or, more carefully speaking—one day, when a petition from the provincial assembly of Massachusetts Bay, already presented by him, was taken up, he was treated with great indignity, insulted, grossly abused by the solicitor general Wederborne. He bore it without any sign of emotion. All eyes were upon him. No change or shadow of change went over his face. His friends were amazed at his forbearance. They wondered at his equanimity; they were almost ready to reproach him for it. Such untimely self-command could only proceed from indifference to the great cause, or, so they thought, from a strange moral insensibility. On his way from the place of humiliation, they gathered about him. He stopped, he stood still; his manner, look, voice, were those of a man, who has quietly concentrated every thought and every hope under heaven, all his energies, upon a single point. "His master shall pay for it!" said he, and passed on.

The other circumstances grew out of the same affair. As a mark of especial consideration for the privy council, the doctor appeared before them in a superb dress, after the court fashion of the time. He wore it bravely—he looked uncommonly well in it. Finding, however, that this courtly garb, thus chosen, thus worn, had been of no avail, as a refuge or shelter to him; that on the contrary, it had only made him a better mark, and exasperating his adversary; that worse than all, his considerate loyalty had been misunderstood, for a piece of dirty adulation, or worse yet, for a piece of wretched foppery; he went, on leaving the council, straightway home; threw the dress aside, and, from that hour, *never wore it again*, till the day on which he went with full power into the court of the Bourbons, *to sign the treaty between France and America—the United States of America!* What must have been his feelings! That paper gave the death blow to British dominion over the western world. It was done; the threat was accomplished! Franklin was at peace with himself: the majesty of Great Britain *had paid*, bitterly paid, for the insolence of the solicitor general.

A Good Story.

There is a statute in England, passed during the reign of Elizabeth, enjoining on all persons, under heavy penalties, to attend the services of the established church. In the early colonial times of Gov. Dudley this statute was amended and adopted by the Council of Massachusetts through the influence of that sage magistrate. The rule then in force required an attendance of every person once in a given period. This law was particularly obnoxious to some sturdy dissenters, and the Governor's popularity suffered considerably, which he had not an unfrequent opportunity to perceive. Governor D. being of the ancient and honorable house of Leicester, so famed in Scott's novels, never turned out with less equipage than a coach and four. He was, moreover, punctual to a minute in his attendance upon the Apostle Elliot's ministrations.

Now the entrance to the log house which was first erected for that benevolent preacher, was somewhat narrow and confined, rendering it impossible for more than one carriage to approach at a time. This, however, was a small matter in those early days, when few but the Governors could boast of such a luxury; and when the sturdy yeomanry might be seen, on a Sabbath morning, trudging soberly afoot to the sanctuary; or, perchance, here and there a more distant liver on horseback, with his better half comfortably and affectionately clinging to him and a soft pillion, behind.

A worthy ancestor of Gen. Heath, esteeming the obnoxious statute a vexatious interference with private affairs, forthwith retired from church, all but such days as the law might compel his attendance. On these he would cause his "hired man" to tackle the hay cart with rigging complete, hitching on all the oxen and steers he was master of, and a horse in front; and then gravely mounting into the vehicle, be driven off, carefully turning it so as to be at the church door just as the Governor's equipage came in sight. Here he kept his team backing and "hawing and geeing," to the infinite edification of all bystanders, till the sermon began, when he would condescend to believe that they had at last got in the right place to alight, thus admitting the Governor's approach. It is needless to say that the law did not long remain in force.

The South Sea Islanders.

A few years ago a venerable and esteemed brother Missionary came to England; and being rather bald, some kind friends provided him with a wig. Upon his return to the Island, the Chief and others went on board to welcome him; and after the usual salutations, one of them said to the Missionary—"You were bald when you left, and now you have a beautiful head of hair; what amazing people the English are! How did they make your hair grow again!" "You simple people!" replied the Missionary, "how does every thing grow? Is it not by sowing seed?" They immediately shouted—"Oh, these English people! They sow seed upon a bald man's head to make the hair grow!" One shrewd fellow inquired "if he had brought any of the seed with him?" The good Missionary carried on the joke for a short time, and then raised his wig. The revelation of his "original head" of course drew forth a roar of laughter, which was greatly increased when one of the natives shouted to some of his countrymen who were near—"Here, see Mr. R——! he has come from England with his head thatched!"

Female Influence.—Sam Slick says, "Though the men have the reins, the women tell 'em which way to drive."

Farmers Department.

On the Farm.

Gathering Corn.—We will not do you the injustice to suppose that you have delayed the gathering and putting away of your corn until now, but if from sickness, or any other unavoidable circumstance, this paper should find you in that unenviable predicament, permit us in the kindly spirit of a friend to urge you to delay not another day before you set about that work, and to rest not from your labors until you shall have your crops husked out, stored away in your corn house, and safely under lock and key. Your corn safely cribbed, let it be your next duty to see that there be no hole or crevice through which rats may get into your crib, as it is useless to make it, unless you preserve it from the trespasses of these destructive animals.

Provender for your Stock.—After your corn shall have been secured, examine your stock of hay, fodder, corn tops, shucks and straw, and ascertain whether you have a *full* supply to carry every animal on your place *well* through the winter and spring up to the middle of May. If you have, then you may separate that care from your mind. But if you should doubt of the fulness of your supply, you have still a resource in your corn stalks, which, if properly preserved, will prove of infinite service in eking out your provender. Therefore, without farther delay have them cut down, hauled in and packed away out of the weather. In bad days in winter, when your hands cannot work out in the weather, occupy their time in cutting them up into pieces, two inches in length, let them be steamed and given to your cattle, and you will find that they will thrive fully as well upon them as they do upon coarse hay. If you have no steaming apparatus, you may very readily, and at a small expense, rig up one. Get a ten gallon pot, build a wall around it with old bricks and clay, or mortar, so as to have room underneath to kindle a fire, then procure a hogshead, take out one head, perforate the bottom with holes, fill your pot with water, set the hogshead on the top, fill it with the cut stalks, which must be wetted, build your fire, fix on the head of your hogshead tight, by putting a stone on it to keep it down, and in half an hour you will have cooked the fifteen bushels which the hogshead contains.

If you desire it, by putting a piece of flannel or other cloth at the bottom of your hogshead, you may likewise steam chopt meal for your hogs, or convert it into mush, or swill, for them in the pot after the corn stalks are cooked.

Fattening Hogs.—As hogs fatten much quicker in warm weather than in cold, push forward in this work with all possible speed, so as to relieve your corn house from their tax as soon as may be.

Store Hogs.—See that your store hogs are provided with warm dry lodgings; do not, by neglecting to furnish them, compel them to seek a shelter in your dung heap or some other place equally ill adapted to afford them proper quarters. Your breeding sows should be provided with rich slops, which should be occasionally salted; nor should you forget that charcoal occasionally thrown to them assists to neutralize the acidity of the stomach, and aid digestion, and that *ashes* placed in their water trough is greatly promotive of health.

Horses should be well littered, regularly fed and cleansed. The curry-comb and brush, or a whisp of straw, daily applied night and morning, is better than an extra quart of corn any time. The stable should be kept clean at all times, and the horses watered three times a day, salted twice a week; once in two weeks, through the winter, give them, in one of their meals, a handful of hickory ashes finely sifted; and whenever their hides become *tight*, add half a pint of linseed, or linseed meal to their morning feeds, three or four days in succession. Chop all your horses feed.

Milch Cows.—Have a care to these creatures, and see that, in addition to their hay, they receive night and morning some generous slops. Recollect too, that they should be salted twice a week; that they should have covering to protect them from the inclemency of the weather. It matters not whether they find this in a stable, or a good dry shed, facing the south.

Other neat Cattle, young and old, must be likewise cared for, and if you have any last spring's calves, recollect that if you desire to have them of large size when they shall have arrived at maturity, you *must push them the first winter*. No animal which may be stunted by limited feeding the first year of its growth can ever be expected to attain great size.

Sheep.—Every farmer should from this till the opening of spring, provide his sheep with a yard and shed, in which they may be kept dry and comfortable. They should all receive a good supply of fodder of some kind, three times a day, and the ewes in lamb should have a daily addition of roots or meal. They should be regularly watered twice a day. At intervals through the winter months, if kept confined in their fold, pine boughs should be thrown into them. Salt must be given them twice a week, and the farmer who may be careful of the health of his stock, will provide a trough, in which he will keep at all times a mixture of salt and tar, in equal proportions, so that his sheep may partake of it whenever their appetites may call for it.

Mares and Colts.—These should be liberally fed, and if you desire the latter to be gentle use him early to handling.

Wagon and Cart Sheds.—If you have not already done so, provide yourself with them, and whenever your carts and wagons are not in use, have them placed under the shed.

Tool and Implement House.—Examine all your ploughs, harrows, cultivators, and all other of your agricultural implements, and if out of order, have them immediately repaired, and when done put them away carefully in your tool and implement house—at all events if you are not thus prepared, put them under cover somewhere, so that they may be out of the weather.

Gears of all kinds.—Have such of these as you have not daily use for, cleaned, oiled, and put away carefully, so that when you shall want them they may be at hand—and recollect that under a lock and key they will be safest.

Fire Wood.—Have all the fire wood that you may need during winter and spring cut, hauled in, and piled up snugly in a convenient place near your dwelling and quarters.

Fences and Fencing.—Examine all your fences with care: see what requires repairing, and what renewing. Having done this, set your hands to work to get out posts and rails, which you should have hauled to wherever they may be wanted, in the spring. The performance of this labor during winter, will put you in a position to avail yourself of the first suitable weather in the spring to go to work without loss of time. Recollect that a farmer or planter never loses, but always gains by being ahead of his work.

Gates.—Wherever you have *bars* supply their places with gates.

Getting out Timber.—If you purpose putting up buildings next season, set to work forthwith and get out the stuff.

Winter Ploughing.—If you have not already fall ploughed all the stiff ground you design for spring culture, set your ploughs in while yet you may, and let every inch of such ground have the full benefit of the winter frosts; and while you are at it, plough as *deep* as your team will drive your share; let there be no skimming of the surface, such ploughing is only a mockery of culture.

Garlic.—If you have any fields infested with this vile pest, subject them to winter ploughing, after each ploughing, harrow the roots to the top, so as to expose them to the killing influence of the keen and eager frosts.

Orchards.—Apples and pear trees may now be pruned of all suckers, superfluous and decayed limbs. All moss should also be rubbed off the bodies of the trees with a hard brush. In pruning off the limbs care must be taken to cut away all the dead, decayed and injured parts, till you come to the fresh sound wood, leaving the surface very smooth, and rounding off the edges of the bark with a drawing knife, or other sharp instrument. After this shall have been done, put on a plaster composed as follows:

Melt together in a large vessel of some kind, in the proportion of five parts of pitch to one part of common turpentine, add to this as much wax as will, when melted, make the whole the consistence of paint, then add ashes so as to bring it to the consistence of putty, apply this plaster to the wound so as to cover every part of it about the eighth of an inch thick: when this is done, spread sharp sand over it, so as to cover the entire surface and form a coating impervious to water.

Such trunks and limbs as moss may have been brushed off, should be washed with stale urine, which must be thoroughly done.

In addition to these operations, let the earth be dug from around the roots to the distance of four or five feet, and to the depth of five or six inches. Sift lime on the surface thus exposed: burn the earth thus taken out, and, before replacing it in the spring, wash the bodies of the trees thoroughly with stale urine in which sulphur has been infused, then replace the burnt earth. Two or three times in the course of the spring, the solution of urine and sulphur should be applied to the bodies of the trees as above directed.

A mixture of soft soap, salt, flour of sulphur and fish oil made into the consistence of paint, put on with a painter's brush, will answer fully as well as the solution of urine and sulphur—possibly better, as it would adhere longer to the bark of the tree, and thus keep the offensive odor up for a greater length of time.—*American Farmer.*

A Good Rule.—A man who had climbed up a chesnut tree, had by carelessness missed his hold of one of the branches, and fell to the ground with such force as to break his ribs. A neighbor going to his assistance, remarked to him that, "had he followed *his* rule in these cases, he would have avoided the accident." "What rule do you mean?" said the other, indignantly. "This," said the philosopher, "never come down a place faster than you go up."

A Beautiful Sight.—It is a most interesting "sight for to see" a young lady with eyes like a gazelle, lips like rubies, teeth of pearly whiteness, cheeks that have stolen the deep carnation of the loveliest rose, and her mouth stuffed full of gingerbread. Is'nt it!